

No. 6.]

APRIL, 1822.

[Vot. I

REMARKS ON THE POETRY OF

Rogers.

POPULARITY, or as authors are better pleased to term it, fame, has many causes: some spring to temporary pre-eminence by the contrasted weakness of their existing rivals, and enjoy the merely comparative grandeur which attaches itself to one-eyed monarchs of the blind; others soar to a transitory elevation by the singularity of their style, which, however monstrous in character, the million laud to the skies "with praises hyperbolical," because sent forth in all the glare of novelty, and administering to their never-cloying appetite for change-because, in short, the frantic efforts of a depraved imagination are confounded with the dignified achievements of truly original genius. We, of course, apply these remarks only to the popularity of an author in his own day-posthumous celebrity, however slowly confirmed, being seldom unjustly so. Perhaps the most decided arbiters of public opinion, or, in other words, those who most effectually draw the gaze of the many on certain writers, are the censors of periodical literature; but with what degree of passive and reverential credulity we should acquiesce in their decisions, is certainly an important

question. I would draw no argument for regarding them with suspicion from the acknowledged frailty of human judgment; were every aberration from truth merely an unconscious one, we might, without much danger, repose unlimited confidence in the strictures of many living critics; but all who have looked with earnestness on the world of letters, must eventually have learnt that prejudice by a thousand obstructions turns the current of opinion into false channels; that political differences, the gratification of individual pique, the subserviency of the weak to the strong, the reciprocity of interests between party and party, alike militate against an unbiassed expression of judgment, and mix their alloy amidst the pure sincerity of criticism. A feeling of invidiousness, too, for which we cannot well account, but as a portion of the inherent weakness of humanity, operates with a powerful injustice on certain minds, while contemplating the bold aspirations by which true genius is manifested; the consciousness of mental superiority in another seems unwillingly impressed upon them; it is a painful discovery, and if it be possible to detect an imperfection, they dwell upon and expose it with a jealous delight. -On the other hand, writers, who pursue an unambitious course, who possess genius, but not of the most daring kind, and indicate it through the most simple and unassuming medium, rather endeavouring to do that with finished delicacy which has been partially done before, than to excite admiration by eccentricity of style or wild novelty of subject, experience in general more candid criticism, and frequently by the tacit consent of all parties, are justly assimilated with the greatest names of the age, It is a natural consequence of this, that while Byron has inveterate enemies, and is attacked with all the bitterness of acrimony, Rogers holds and enjoys the eminence he has gained, in undisturb ed tranquillity. The cause may be traced to this : Rogers essays only to excite gentle and tender emotions, and every genuine appeal to the heart induces an undisguised and natural response. He, who bounds his aims merely to soothe and to please, may calculate fearlessly on approbation proportioned to his merits but it is widely different with him who attempts not only to command our sympathies, but to influence our speculations on good and evil, to enlarge our views, and, in short, to assume the magisterial air of an instructor, We are at all times willing to be soothed into a state of pleasurable sensation, and care little

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to whom or what we are indebted for its excitement; but the teacher is ever regarded with a lurking feeling of jealousy, we are impatient of his severity, and scan the correctness of his strictures with a secret wish to convict our monitor of error in his assertions, or fallacy in his reasoning. We are better pleased in fact, to receive the most melancholy impressions, to cherish the reminiscences of departed happiness, and "weep again a long-forgotten wee," than endure the scholastic gravity and sternness of a preceptor, or commence a painful acquaintance with our hidden fullies and weaknesses under the piercing eye of a Crabbe.

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Not however that Rogers is at all deficient in the higher departments of poetry; his mapping of that wonderful terra incognita the human heart, is always faithful; the melancholy vein of feeling, which pervades his poetry, finds an echo in every bosom; and while our fancy is delighted by the magic of his pen, our judgment is never offended—he is the Goldsmith of the nineteenth century.

Schools of poetry, as they have been termed, " may flourish and may fade;" they may live their hour in the sunshine of applause, and may revel for a time in the day-dream of popularity; but " to this complexion they must come at last,"—that unless they bear the faithful impress of nature, their fame will never outlive their author. The delight imparted by the lofty flights of a poetical imagination, though brilliant, is not durable. We may catch for a moment the enthusiasm of the poet; and, for a brief space, we may soar with him through the regions of fancy. We may feel the sphere of our vision enlarged, and see the creation burst upon our view, decked in brighter hues than our mere ordinary perceptions could discover: but the effect is transient; the book closed, returning reason pronounces it a delusion. For our parts, we are too sceptical to admit, that the dazzling visions of a fertile imagination, or the glowing funcies of an ideal world, alone indicate poetical genius. We would as willingly assign the palm to him, that could impart the vivid lustre of originality and interest to scenes and emotions, that claim a kindred association is our own bosoms; and it is on this principle, that we would rank Rogers among the very first of modern poets. It is the great merit of this writer, that he appeals to the heart : we are borne along by an impulse, which evinces how strongly our personal feelings are interested; and while we admire the poet, we esteem the man. Thus, in the " Pleasures of Memory," the recollections of the past stand before as in palpable array.

As we read, we are perpetually reminded of our own experience, and are delighted with the fidelity of the picture. It is for this reason, that the gratification we derive from the perusal of his writings is permanent. The mind recurs to them as to a subject that is interwoven with its own sensations; and they acquire an importance from their truth.

The "Pleasures of Memory," whether we consider the comprehensiveness of its plan, the correctness of its delineations, or the skilfulness of its execution, is an admirable poem. No point of advantage seems to be omitted; and the author appears to have dived for his materials into the inmost recesses of the human heart. The recollections of our youth, the associations of age; the reflections of the mind, as excited by the remembrance of sensible objects, or personal attachments and feelings, are all minutely but powerfully delineated. Even the instinct of brutes as referred to the operations of the memory is not forgotten.

Undamp'd by time, the generous instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail;
And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Recal the traveller, whose alter'd form

Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;

And who will first his fond impatience meet?

His faithful dog's already at his feet."

Sold from the Verbell would grant book He's

The love of country also refers itself to the same principle sail son

and did The intreplet Swiss, that guards a foreign shore, smiled by and no become do climb his mountain cliffs no more, losed sading the song so sweetly wild, drom sadd the last the song so sweetly wild, drom sadd the last to the long lost scenes that round him rise, to bloom the same of the sadd that the long lost scenes that round him rise, to bloom the sadd that sadd the sadd that sadd the sadd the sadd that sadd the sadd the sadd that sadd the s

For this, Foscari, whose relentless fate transport and additional venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,

When exile were his blooming years away,

rearon, that stom our titury bluor squar (unutsylot bail) al of his virtings is spokent and brut shurt burk a subject

In the delineation of minute points of interest, which associate themselves with the memory, the genius of Rogers is no less conspicuous, than in his comprehensive grasp of his subject as a whole. We have all experienced that objects, trifling in themselves when viewed after a lapse of years, awaken a train of reflections and conjure up to the mind a thousand tender recollections; and that incidents, which time had partially obscured, are arrayed with a freshness, as green as if they were but of yesterday.—The Poet has not failed to seize these impressions. He has given them, by the magic of his genius, a more lively interest, while he has preserved all their truth, and all their simplicity.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend, and be amain't

The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart, and The clock still points its moral to the heart, and

Anderson and description of the section of the contract of

Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust,
Those once lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust;
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life;—all whisper of the past!

It is by these minor touches of exquisite skill, that we recognize the poet of nature and of truth. Nor is the genius of Rogers less conspicuous in the choice of his subjects, than in his mode of treating them. Leaving to others, on the one hand, those powerful delineations of terrific objects and emotions, from which we rather recoil with dread, than regard with sympathy; and on the other that morbid exuberance of fancy, which associates with inanimate objects a thousand extravagant sensations, creating to itself a world of fetion, in which every thing is as it is not; he pursues the path to fame through a less romantic, but more certain road,—by enobling the best impulses of our nature, and making common cause with its purest sympathics a soul was travely and making common cause with its purest sympathics a soul was a soul and a soul a soul and a soul and

Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,

But if in the "Pleasures of Memory" we find so much to admire on the score of kindred recognition, his "Human Life" brings the mirror of our thoughts, our feelings, and our experience, still closer to our view. It is indeed the microcosm of men, and pourtrays with singular elegance and fidelity this "strange, eventful history," this "tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing." The introduction, comprising in thirty-three lines the various stages of existence, for simplicity, interest, compressiveness and beauty, may fairly challenge competition with any poem in the English language; and who can deny the fidelity of the following picture?

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-used 3"On, tis decreed. We tremble and obey integrate ton seed.

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A thousand ills beset us as we go.

" Still could I shun the fatal gulph"-Ah ! no ; A

'Tis all in vain :- the inexorable law! xoods but

And groves and fountains :- all things that delight.

"Oh! I would stop, and linger, if I might!" bnA

We fly : no resting for the foot we find;

All dark before; all desolate behind!

At length the brink appears—but one step more! We faint—On! on!—We faulter—and 'tis o'er!

Berhaps one of the strongest arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul (to us at least, it has always appeared so) is the
little progress the longest life affords, for the attainment of mental
perfection. How few are allowed time to execute what the ambition of their minds has conceived! They advance to the end in view
with gradual improvement; they never retrograde; but death cuts
them off ere the object is accomplished; and may we not indulge
in the hope, that in a future life we shall be permitted to continue
our progress, till we ultimately reach that perfection of intellect,
which is dealed us here; but which the very longing of our nature
seems to imply will not be for ever withheld from us? A similar
idea appearance be entertained by Mr. Rogers, who thus beautifully
expresses it:

various stages

But if in the "Pleas stillas tomas nam, this was named admir.

on the score, call noisive good on he avison of his rings the mirror of our thoughts, our feelings, and our experience, still close

vertrue Passions that slept are stirring in his frame,

vrotain Thoughts undefined, feelings, without a name logical drive

gaigling And some, not here called forth, may slumber on,

and sand Till this vain pageant of a world is gone;

senevise Lying too deep for things that perish here,

and beauty, may ! sandour in a nobler sphere! way young due

The poem of Human Life is fertile in beauty. His picture of maternal love and infantine simplicity is most exquisite, and presents a faithfulness and a richness of colouring, that cannot be excelled. It is a delineation of nature, which we instantly recognize; and needs not the aid of fancy to give it loveliness or interest. Who does not sympathize with a mother's feelings in the following beautiful lines?

As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart!
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

He who can peruse these lines without feeling the best emotions of his heart awakened, is "either more or less than man." It is poetry like this, that will stamp the literary character of the present age with an unfading immortality; like the genius of Shakespeare, it is a structure erected on the rock of truth; and the poems of Bogers will be perused with delight by posterity, while the monstrous abortions of some of his contemporaries will be lost in the ocean of oblivious and appropriate the monstrous abortions of some of his contemporaries will be lost in the

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"Jacqueline," is a beautiful tale, full of exquisite poetry, interest, and feeling, no One little inaccuracy strucks us in the perusal film the first part we have these lines immore at topics and are no made

our progress, tilrecon nired to the land news of antique our progress, tilrecon nired to the land news of intellect,

The event does not justify the assertion. She is not "gone for ever," but returns to her father's cot, and receives her father's blessing. Of his minor productions it may be sufficient to observe that they suffer little by a comparison with his more celebrated

with the loud chorus of a troop of joyobe merry makers. Still,—
[11], I heard dothing. My olood enroboed at my temples — my
agony was almost unsupportable,..., when the deep and deathly

The Dream.

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I love London "to my heart." Although by no means " a mere Onecephalus, or homeling Mammacuth," the metropolis is my delight. I once dreamt a strange, wayward, improbable adventure, which has rivetted my affections more closely than ever

to the busy haunts of men.

Methought I was in the heart's core of an immense city. All that I had ever read or fancied of Troy or Niveveh, Rome or Carthage, was here arrayed in the vivid hues of reality. Quaint garbs, strange visages, and men of every hue, passed in numbers most inculculable before my astonied vision. Here was the midnight black of the Æthiopian, the rosy blushing Aurora tinge of the meek northern maiden, and the cadaverous and unearthly tint of the passionate love-loving youth, whose bright and burning eye teeming with animation, feeling, and vitality, beams in his spale cheek, like the never-dying lamp of the sepulchre. Every nation of the earth seemed to have sent forth her sons and daughters to the great city. Bustle was at its zenith; myriads floated in immense billowy masses around me, all of the common stock of Adam, but not a lineament was there that had its fellow Business, grief, hope or pleasure, beamed from every eye, and made seach face a subject to descant upon. All avenues were thronged to no spot was here unoccupied or desolate; yet all was motion, infinite, ceaseless, aggregate and individual motion. Festivity and merriment, solemn music the hum of trucking merchants; the shrill bickerings of children, the boisterous, heart-emanating song, the march of arms, the sude rumbling of wheels, and the deep voice of the nearnea, were all visibly here; but alas! Theard them not all beheld causes, which must have been followed by voices equalled only by the solemn and eloquent thunder; but I was dealench to all This was the minery of my dreams The floud falutation, the feety such, she sparkling laugh, and the sharp cry

were roused from our mouraful reverie, by a smart double.

of saffering anguish, were all mere mockeries to me. The lips of beauty moved, but I heard not the heavenly harmony they aspired. I shricked aloud in agony, and heard not the sound of my own voice. I rushed into a drinking-house, where men seemed stunged with the loud chorus of a troop of joyous merry-makers. Still,—still, I heard nothing. My blood throbbed at my temples:—my agony was almost unsupportable,..., when the deep and deathly silence awoke me.

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I love London V to my heart? Although by no means " lere Goecephains, or hemeling Mammacuth," the metropolis is my delight. I once dream a strange, wayward, improbable at eliure, which has rive grampila a strange closely than ever the busy haunts of men.

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that I had ever read or fancied of Troy or Niveveh, Rome or

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Men trample grass, and prize the flow'rs of May,
But grass is green when flow'rs do fade away."

again and saw shall moisey parouse FLETCHER'S ECLOGOES, ni 18040

It is so long since we heard from our good friend, Adam Winterton, that we really began to entertain serious apprehensions for the old gentleman's welfare. Folks cannot live for ever, thought we; and even honest Adam, good as he is, must yield to the lot of humanity. Perhaps he no longer sojourns in this vale of tears; and is gone to reap that felicity, which even a life, so useful and so innocent as his, could not secure him here. The very thought struck upon our heart, with an icy coldness. Kind-hearted Adam! And had we not love enough, to visit thee in thy sickness? Had we not gratitude enough to soothe, with the consolations of friendship. those straggling feelings, which rebellious nature in vain opposes to the attack of the last enemy? Had we not friendship enough, to profer our services for the fulfilment of thy dying wishes? And did we, who professed so much regard for thee while living, leave to other hands the last tender offices of humanity, when you was no more? Such were our self-upbraidings. All the virtues he poss sessed, all the favors he had rendered us, stood forth in gaunt array. armed with repreaches, more keen and poignant, because he was beyond the reach of our contrition; and we felt, just as all men must feel, when convinced that repentance comes too late.

We were roused from our mournful reverie, by a smart double-

knock; and in the next moment a letter was put into our hands, bearing the well-known post-mark, and being sealed with red wax, evinced to our infinite gratification, that the subject of our regret and lamentations was yet in existence. We shall not attempt to describe our joy. Those, who suddenly meet a beloved friend, in the "warm precincts of the cheerful day," whom rumour had consigned to the grave, can alone conceive it. We hastily opened the letter, and deducting the matter more immediately concerning our personal welfare, we present the remainder to our readers.

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

Shall he heart pergreen as show

CERTES, most erudite Sir, you must have divined from my long silence, that I had either in toto forgotten both thee and thy most excellent work, or that I intended to dive no more into the venerable relics of literary antiquity. In verity, you have erred in both these surmises; I having been diligently occupied in turning over divers worm-eaten tomes, selecting the gold from the dross; and I here present you with a portion of my travail, the which, for the better contentment and edification of the reader, I preface with a brief Proemium, or explanatory introduction.

The first, entitled "The Shepherd's Resolution," was indited by George Withers, whose political history is less honorable than his poetic talent; and peradventure hath mainly contributed to that oblivion and obscurement, in which his works remain in our times. He was attached to Oliver Cromwell, and scrupled not, as history saith, in his office of Major General of Surrey, to levy sundry exactions, and oppress those over whom he was appointed. Nathless, he was no mean poet, as I opine the ensuing verses will attest; and at least it may be said of them, what pertains to the lucubrations of few modern rhymers, that they are tinged with no ordinary portion of plain good sense. The second hath a yet more poetical spirit, and its antiquity is undoubted, though I cannot trace either its age or author.

And now, most courteous sir, intreating you to rest assured of my future diligence, which I shall evince by occasional continuations of the Reliquary, and my hearty good-will; and desiring to be cordially remembered to that galaxy of talent and good-fellow-ship, The Coterie, I subscribe myself

of care i for whom shows

Thine ever to command,

ADAM WINTERTON.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION at our place of the bearing the weight and the state of t

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd, Cause I see a woman kinde?

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And now, most continued to built of poor as assured as future diligence, while a some the metal continued to the Reliquery, and desiring the love me, this beloeve; even but the love me, this beloeve; even built remembered with the end of the cordially remembered by the cordially remembered by the cordial of the cordial

bullcan scorne and let her goe:

What care I for whom she-be?

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains, And over the waves: Under the fountains, And under the graves; Over floods that are deepest, Which Neptune obey; Over rocks that are steepest, beautiful and accomp

Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place For the glow-worm to lye; Where there is no space

For receipt of a fly; Where the midge dares not venture, Lest herself fast she lay;

If love come, he will enter, And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him A child for his might; Or you may deem him A coward from his flight; But If she, whom love doth honour, Be conceal'd from the day, Set a thousand guards upon her,

The Shipper of T

Love will find out the way. Some think to lose him, By baving him confin'd; And some do suppose him, Poor thing, to be blind; But if ne'er ac close ye wall him, Do the best that yearsy Blind love, if so ye call him,

Will Sad out his way. You may trulk the eigle To stoop to your flat; Or you may tavelgle and the desired

The phenix of the east; which was runn and The Houces, ye may move her To give o'er her prey; But you'll ne'er stop a lover: He will find out his way.

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teleds upon our levels and someons, in short, our visites, our ness will be and any

which could sent the W or olders of the

"The truth is, that, in these days, the grand primum mobile of England is Cant:—
the Cant political,—the Cant poetical,—the Cant religious,—the Cant moral;—but
always Cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life."

LORD BYRON.

What we gain in refinement, we lose in sincerity. Thus mankind seem agreed in endeavouring to impose on each other; and an universal mask, differing in its features, but worn by all for the purposes of deception and concealment, has become an object of general adoption. To judge from external appearances, we should be the most moral and disintenested people in the world. No man seems to seek his own good, but that of his fellows; and every one appears engaged in the praiseworthy object of contributing towards the improvement and the happiness of his species. The tradesman, who, like the Jew in the song, "owns to no profit, and lives by the loss," is always selling off his stock, " considerably under primecost;" and the only wonder is, how he manages to keep open shop. You must either convict him of cant, or set him down as a goodnatured fellow, who is ruining himself for the good of his neighbours. The same marks of disinterestedness, in a variety of shapes, meet the eye, whichever way we turn. Some good souls are so smitten with the spirit of philanthropy, that they part with the "grand panacea" for the trifling sum of a few pence. Others more liberal still, give away their sovereign remedies to the poor and their advice into the hargain; seeking no other remuneration than a triple profit from those who can afford to pay for them. In fact, this feeling of self-denial, and mutual accommodation, is so apparent, that we are on all hands assailed with the most pressing offers of service and advantage. Are we in want of money? A thousand hands are extended to amist us; and in exchange for the mere pro tempore possession of a few musty deeds, which are of no present use to ourselves, the kind-hearted creatures supply our necessities with unsparing liberality. Do we lack intellectual

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knowledge? We are illumined by the generous resolution of public spirited writers, who, if at the pressing solicitation of friends, and for the benefit of the world, have poured forth the light of their minds upon our benighted ignorance. In short, our wants and our wishes, our necessities and our comforts, are all equally consulted; and great would be our satisfaction, exalted our opinion of the fiberality of mankind, did not the annuaunerly intrusion of common sense, peeping with impertinent curiosity behind the cartain, discover, to our mortification, that all these kind souls are endeavouring to cajole us by the trickery of cant. Availing ourselves therefore of the ray of knowledge thus imparted, let us waste athoughtor two in the attempt to analyze the various species.

The cant religious, as the most important, claims our first consideration; and appears the most disinterested of them all." It is ever whining of the little value of earthly riches; and with its eves fixed on heaven, is scraping together with hands and feet. the mammon of unrighteousness which it encounters in the path; doubtless from the godly fear lest it should fall into unworthy hands, and evincing the truth of its doctrine that riches are useless toys, by constantly adding to the heap, and never diminishing it. The religious canter, with true charity, and a tender love for mankind, wishes all may be saved; but, pressed closely on this point, doubts the possibility of the act of mercy extending beyond his own particular sect, which of course includes himself. He has such an affection for Charity, that he always keeps her at home. He never suffers her to stray abroad, lest she should become extravagant, and lavish that substance, of which he is steward; piously adding, that what we have is only borrowed, and we should not waste that which is another he: He sometimes, however, gives berna holiday, and then she has been known to drop a penny in the weekly dub scription box of a tract society, and even to have influence enough to induce him to add his name to a list of subscribers for the sups promion of vice. Folks whisper that this was for the sake of seeing classour himself late anoth repeals and sady tudge tairing bi setan tid

The cantomoral is even lamen ting the degeneracy of mankinds and find a crime in the most imposent an use ments. For examples of circus at always revertante that pasts for instances of vice, it likely no plants in selecting from the present. If I dis vigid in alliterable persent in the mid revels in enjoy ments. We should read good of these are not so, is a favorite maxim,

which it enforces by practice dwithout preaching it. The monet canter prefers the pure appingato, the thicker of the grape, or if tempted by the draught divine, preven exceeds two glasses. He has been met, however, recrasionally nataggering in a surpentine divertion, and with his head baying a manifest tendency to prepare the formationally subject; and consequently cannot avoid natural quisty to the illiberal to doubt it for as he is very keen in his security of the conduct of others, he is of scourse accupitionally exact in the restitude of this own. these leaves of the very leaves of the of these was he is very leave in the restitude of this own. these leaves of the very leaves of the one of the very leaves of the or of the very leaves of the v

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The cant political designates gither a stout patriot or a staumch loyalist. Whichever a side his asponsor, he is influenced by an acredid motives. He is not one of these who would sell their birthright for a mess of puttage as is he is legal mand. He awould die for king and country. He loves the aministry, and reverences the constitution; and proves the sincerity of his attachment by the daily libetions he offers up to the "good, old cause." He is no party manuscrit he inhouse has got a song birth under government, what of that? He hopes houest folks may serve the king, without giving offence if he were turned out to morrow, it would neither change his speech nor his sentiments.—Is he a patriot? He loves his country dearer than himself, and would die for her, if he could only deare her free done as dellar account to the free done as dellar account to her free done as dellar account to the free done as dellar account to the free done as dellar account to the free done acco

torse of such save my country, herven ! would be his lest. I'd not not Let him live long enough to see a reform to parliament, and the dearest object of his heart would be gravified. Scandal, that busy tongued busney, spread a report that his reform meant a revolution; but sibe surely wronged him for hear him talk; and who can doubty his disinterestedness ? He once indeed accepted a place; but this proved his patriotism; his was to serve his country and save the sinecure from falling into corrupt hands, and he bought the representation of a borough with the produce, not that he singue clamour himself into another place, as ency suggested; but that he might more effectually advocate the rights of the peopleting ad Ta to Thequants civil amilios in your faces when to wishing you arthe devil; kindly enquires after your health, and presses you to stay; while ill quivers with ill-dissembled alarm, hest you should adopt the invitation of Canters lofsthis species investigately described the appearant henrithens; plothele triendships of heyschike syodiunment

cifully by the hand; are always glad to see you, and express as a maxing solicitude for your welfare. If you did not recollect the wise maxim of looking in a man's face for his meaning, and not at his words, you would think these good folks the most triendly creatures in the world; they are ever pressing their services, when you need them not; and are greatly afflicted when you do; because, kind souls, it is out of their power to assist you.—They are punctual in all dinner engagements and parties of pleasure, and liberal in their praises of the good things that are set before them; every thing is excellent, and the talents of their host as a caterer unrivalled. Nor are they deficient in the spirit of reciprocity. They are ever pressing you to come and see them. "Come any day; we are always at home: "or if you make no reply to this vague invitation, they beg you to tell them when you will come; well aware that you have too much delicacy to avail yourself of this ad-Hoffum species of self invitation; and infinitely pleased with your saying "We'll talk of it some other time;" they then shake your hand with a "God bless you; good night!" and take their leave, hoping from the bottom of their souls, that you may never have the courses to cross their thresholds.

The cant crifical marks the most liberal man in the world, if you believe his own professions; yet he is ever prating about the dearth of genius, and lamenting the literary degeneracy of the age. He is a black letter student, and some dozen years ago, you would encounter him at every old book-stall, on the keen scent after musty tomes; but since the rage for antique rubbish has gained so many valaries, he has abandoned the pursuit as hopeless. Yet his collection is by no means contemptible, and great is his delight, if, after wading through a thick volume of quaint and unintelligible duliness, he pounces upon half a dozen lines of common sense. These he makes the subject of a tremendously crudite treatise, to paye the supertority of the old writers. His favorite study is a backseller's catalogue. There he enriches his mind with titles, names, and dates, and having a good memory, they prove of infinite service, in impressing unlearned folk with a veneration for his intense crudition. He has a finger in a review; and no man more classes in writing a great deal about what he does not understant. By the help of the Encyclopedia, and the art of paraphratic plaginrism, in which he is an adept, no ambiest comes amiss to him. Not is he more at a loss with a work in a foreign language.

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I even doubt whether he would shrink from reviewing a Chinese poem; for though in such a case it would be out of his power to prove himself master of his subject, yet he is so dexterous in avoiding a detection of his ignorance, by displaying a neutral species of knowledge, and he so beclouds you with his vapidity, his obscurity, and his digressions, that, as Falstaff says, no man knows where to have him.

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to re. I have seen him in the pit of the theatre; resting his chin on his cane, scowling with vinegar aspect at the actors, and annoying all within his sphere, by audible lamentations on the degeneracy of the stage. He is fertile in comparisons between the histrionic heroes of the old and new school, which always end in the disadvantage of the latter. He was once detected wiping his eyes, on withessing Kean's Othello, but when taxed with this proof of the sympathy of nature, he turned away with a "Pshaw! does a man always shed tears when he blows his nose?" and he remained throughout the evening a statue of insensibility.

The cant commercial imparts to its votaries ten times honesty than their neighbours, and they sell better articles for less money. They have the general welfare so much at heart, that they perseveringly aim at exciting attention through all the channels of Staring placards speak largely of their extraordinary bargains, and the most disinterested advertisements proclaim the great sacrifices they make for the public benefit. At one time they kindly dispose of the goods of distressed manufacturers; at another you are invited to purchase of a bankrupt's stock. Sometimes the liberal minded vender is about to retire from trade; or he Intends to embark in another business; or one of the partners is dead; or he is going to remove; -in all which cases, he is willing to accommodate the public, by " selling off at a considerable loss. Every commercial canter's shop is a depôt, or a mart, or an emporism; so that you would imagine one person had the exclusive trade of the whole kingdom, were not this idea contradicted by the number of competitors.

The cant (heatrical would persuade you, that a piece you had seen damned was received with shouts of applause; that a tragedy which had been hissed, had excited tears of sympathy; and that a comedy, hooted and condemned, was honoured with bursts of uncontrollable laughter and unqualified approbation. It has the talent of representing empty benches to be crowded houses, and a

few "barren spectators," as a brilliant and overflowing audience; and you are surprised at finding that a piece, which was "given out for repetition without a dissentient broice," and appounced for "every evening till further notice, "should be quietly interred in the tombol obscurity, after the sickly existence of a couple of nights.

To enumerate all the species of Cant would be endless. It possesses the power of ubiquity; encountering us in the boson of our families, as well as in the bustling intercourse of life; at home or abroad,—with strangers or with friends. It is a demonthat crosses our path, wherever we tread, and besets us at every then; like a cancer, extending its deadly fibres over the face of society, it poisons the springs of sincerity, and contaminates all within its grasp.

Couch'd not at a con for awa of its bleak shade- that the

And fearfully lifeless to a living eye;

Where stillness dedining sign, and e'en

A Phantom, bioniy beautidal, came down all the chant

twas in spot, a spot,

At the sad hour, when faintly into shade wone said Die the soft twilight-hues, I sat alone side as dries of In Rilda's solitary dell. No stream was derived and I Or fountain, sporting its bright youth away, a b'gail There with inclodious gurgle broke upon stands bath The sleep of the calm air; but all around was wound L Hush'd as the cemetery's deepest vault, smai and 10 Or perishing monument on the desert waste, as h xill Where no tree waves. The nettle and rank grass. Thick matted, and with wild flow're interknityq to H. Rustled not once; nor the green tvy's tendrils iwo !! Festooning in quaint ringlets the dark boughs, dt 10 Trembled or wav'd with momentary breath it would E'en the light leaf, that from its wither'd stems bal The flutter of the grey gnat's wing might brush, Motionless dropp'd tid in forgotten halleg m lo shade The riven and dusty shreds of banners oldlos adt al Omeither side, dark ringed with pines, varue and T Rent and precipitous cliffs, that for above b' zin 10/1

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To enumerate solutile between the binatis described and son access the power and the stranger of the power path, wherever nearly lossed about an interpretation of the polices, expression of sincerity, and paid the other points of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the other than the springs of sincerity, and paid the springs of sincerity.

It was in such a spot,

Scowling with its mirk aspect of the tomb, And fearfully lifeless to a living eye; Where stillness deepen'd into horror, and e'en The slim deer, timid lover of dark woods, Couch'd not at noon for awe of its bleak shade-A Phantom, dimly beautiful, came down Like snow-flake thro' the stirless air, and sunk dire To earth as silently and soft-I knew the thought aid The seraph-sweetness of her voiceless lip, stablish at Ting'd with immortal rose-hues, to whose pure And chasten'd glow, earth's leveliest tints were duli: I knew the clear arch and majestic calm to grade ad T. Of her immaculate brow; the wildly bright a b dan !! Fix'd azure of her spirit thrilling eye: yn idaining a'C And bair like liquid sun-beams, streaming down w Her pure breast's onimaginable white, beitain soid? Dewily gleaming through misty folds an ind waltaus Of the faint seecy robe that awam around her to make I knew the spirit of my first plast love an haddmark And gazed, and fell at the bright vision's footh no

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In this remember'd haunt of our pure love, On him whose passion was a madness unto whom of In thy absorbing loveliness, thou werton ywobade bak Heart, brain, and soul; and thy remembrance vet Is as a whiripool on the ninds dark tide on trew and T Wrecking all images in its terrible galph? brow sal Com'st thou to chide, that my crush'd spirit wetto 1409 Brooks its clay fetters, and the load of life, When thou, who wert the rainbow of its sky as brow Colouring with the radiance of hope's hues Its broken storm-clouds—thou, who wert the sole Rose of its arid wilderness, and shed O'er all a 'wildering odour of delight-Art gone, and on the desolate earth alone Sits mockery and horror. Spirit of light! With thy o'erpow'ring looks of loveliness, And form of dazzling symmetry! e'en now In thy divine eyes the celestial smile Of calm benignity is mirror d clear to any one da And bright, as stars upon the sleeping wave. Or cherub-glances in the eternal founts: But from their passionless pure orbs, cold beams, Deadly and withering as the gust that heaves

Pall scorchingly on my heart—that riven heart, is ton into an employed the problem of the proble

When i first saviglies legand out on the not of the saviglies legand was not on the saviglies legand out of the not of the saviglies legand out of the out of the saviglies legand out of the expective in the hope the saviglies of the saviglies o

lu this remember'd baunt of our pure love, Momently less, thy lineaments become send w mid no And shadowy now, and indistinctly gleam roads yet al Heart, brain, and oding stain, ordi noom anawad sa That wert ming own depart notes fade not thus; One word of fearful sweetness ! One farewell whicher W Com'et theu to chide, theeld me Long supply and te mo Brooks ibshaderters, and the lead of life, Wordless, and agony grush'd me to the earth

Colouring with the radiance of hope's hues .D.D.T. broken storm-clouds-thou, who wert the sole

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Art gone, and ou the desolate earth alone Sits mockery and horsalistic affight! With thy o'erpow'ring looks of loveliness,

And form of dazzling symmetry! e'en now la thy divine eyes the celestial smile

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar,

Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime as a daylor for A

Has felt the influence of malignant star,

And waged with fortune an eternal war!

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withering as the gust that heaves Poor Easel !- He is dead; the waters of oblivion have closed over him, and not a ripple remains on the surface to indicate that he once was. Yet he deserved a better fate. His singleness of heart, his simplicity of manners, his amiable eccentricities, even his faibles and faults, unconsciously committed, and redeemed by so many rare talents and virtues, entitled him to esteem and love; but the world was not worthy of chimies at word rees with it if it's

When I first saw the subject of this slight narrative, he was scarcely eighteen; his hopes were not yet crushed by the iron hand of adversity, his heart throbbed with the consciousness of genius, and the expectation of its reward, and his aspiring spirit retained as yet all the elasticity of youther in stature he was tall and majes. tic, his complexion was dark, but his countenance was peculiarly interesting and pleasing. His eyes were the brightest and the most intellectual I ever saw it was impossible to encounter their gaze a moment, without feeling that Easel was no ordinary man. His conversation was pacticularly altering, for to a well stoned mind he united a faculty of expressing his ideas, which rendered all he

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said doubly effective. Hence he was a welcome guest, wherever he went; his approach was hailed with smiles, and his departure was the subject of sincere regret. He had many friends in the grand double of the subject of sincere regret. He had many friends in the friends of his prosperous days. What were they when the April of life was passed, and the winter of disappointment and affliction arrived?

Early predilections, or native bias, determined the profession of Easel. He was an artist from his cradle; while a mere child, the walls of his maternal home were covered with sketches in charcoal; and at school, every desk and form bore testimony of his favourite pursuit, in the various uncouth delineations of his pen-knife no As years advanced, his powers developed themselves, and cheered by the smile of paternal regard and approval, he began, though humbly, to emulate those great masters, whose glorious works remain an heir-loom to posterity. If his attempts frequently falled, they at least proved that nothing short of the highest excelcuce could satisfy his ambition; and these dawnings, of genius were hailed with rapture by those, whose esteem and love he was most anxious to obtain. His juvenile productions were handed to those, best calculated from their pursuits, to appreciate their merit, and young Easel was praised, and his talents favourably This was more than sufficient—his fate was determined; he became a painter. For some time, the place he had chosen in the dance of life seemed eligible, the sun of fortune gilded his way with its beams, and he easily avoided all the stumbling blocks in his course; but these flattering prospects were soon reversed; his parents died before they had seen the hopes of their darling son realised; his means of support were withdrawn, he was left to depend for existence on the exertion of his yet immature talents. Those, who were eager to applaud his efforts, when their praise or blame was of no consequence, now pretended to find many faults and imperfections, to which they were formerly blind. This dear friend wondered, forsooth, what his father could be about, in not binding him to an honest handicraft trade, and a second, adding insult to neglect, would remark. "Easel a painter!—a sign painter, I suppose. Easel, however, gave the world full credit for kindness and liberality, when, looking up from the tearful contemplation of the graves of his parents, he strove to profit by pringing into action the powers, which he felt be possessed the had no idea of the envy, which, incapable of excellence itself, strives to act of the envy, which incapable of excellence itself, strives to act of the envy, which incapable of excellence itself, strives to depreciate the excellence of another. He could scarcely conceive

the existence of those prejudices, which often induce the opulent to furn their backs on the efforts of unknown genius, however admirable. In order to place the efforts of unknown genius, however admirable. In order to place the place with a started argument, however admirable. mirable, in order to gloat with rapture on the daub which happens to have a celebrated name affixed to it. Some of Easel's productions were sent to the hanging committee of Somerset House, they were received : but so obscure was the situation, and so unfavourable the light in which they were placed, that few visitors at the Exhibition saw them at all, and those who did, could not have done them justice had they been inclined. The Exhibition closed his picture found no purchaser, and Easel experienced the pangs of disappointment, the more keenly, because unexpected. What was to be done? The necessities of life must be provided for; the cry of nature allowed no time for deliberation, He became the drudge of the print-shops, and employed those hours which he once hoped to pass in emulating the Raphaels and Corregios of classic Italy, as a mere labourer for bread. He was young: his heart was not yet crushed, he summoned the fortitude of a manly spirit to encounter the difficulties that surrounded him, and although he felt the sickness of hope deferred, he still looked forward to a period, when all his sufferings and anxieties would be rewarded. Poor Easel! sorrows and privations could not subdue thee, but ingratitude did. A wretch, who had been fostered in his father's house for years, to whose care he had entrusted his scanty patrimony, availing himself of the simplicity of unsuspecting friendship, appropriated it to his own purposes, and left. Easel, heart-broken, yet more by his baseness than by the loss. For of whom could he expect kindness, when deceived where he had placed such absolute trust?"

Yeb there was one fair being, a spirit of purity, "encompassed in an angel's form," who loved the man, whom the rest of the world conspired to persecute and crush. Oh, had she lived! but Providence had ordered otherwise. They met in heaven. Poor Easel. Many an anxious hight, did he watch by her bed of languishing, and mark the hectic bloom of her delicate cheek, and the too, too bright lustre of those eyes, which were soon to be darkened with the shadows of the grave. She died, and with that frail beautiful clay all his earthly expectations were buried. The last tie that bound him to life was broken, and the applause of men ceased to be of importance. Tet, while he was hopeless, and, it may be careless of success, he continued to deserve it. The immedicable

grief which consumed him, was sacred alike from curiosity and pity. He asked no compassion, he sought no hearer for his tale of anguish; his sorrows were too dear to him, to become the stated theme of conversation. Common observers never imagined how deeply the iron hand of affliction had penetrated, for though the smile of pleasure had long ceased to play upon his lips, his eye was tranquil, and his countenance serene: but his tranquillity was not the parent of joy; he knew he could lose no more, and waited in patient expectation for the moment when he should sleep with those that wake not. I saw him a few weeks before his death, and oh, how changed !- I had seen him, young, happy,-conscious of possessing great talents, and confident that their exertion would lead to distinction; and I beheld the same being, with all his honourable hopes blighted, with all his best affections crushed, not old, but in the prime of his days, grey-headed and dim-eyed, tottering to his grave, when he should have been reaping the harvest of genius and virtue.

Poor Easel—I draw the veil over thy last moments! thy death-bed was to thee a triumph, but the proud and rich, whose neglect contributed to thy sufferings and early end, may blush and be silent.

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Stanjas.

Where glides thy bark, or bounds thy steed,
View this, and when I am no more,
Oh! let it some remembrance plead.
Let it call forth one pitying sigh,
Let it seduce the tear to fall,
For her, who, spite of destiny,
Still deem'd there as her life,—her all.

Why didst thou tear thyself away,
When my sad heart desir'd thee most;
With wand'rers of the earth to stray,
Whose souls no friendly tie can boast?
Oh! yet return, ere 'tis too late,
To save my sinking soul from death;
I'll love thee still, tho' all shall bate,
Even as my very being's breath.

Beauties of Blackwood.

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

DEAR SPEC.—Your censure of Blackwood's Magazine is undeniably just, and I readily abandon the prose to the severity of your strictures; but permit me to observe that you have scarcely done justice to the poetical department, the innumerable passages of excellence, which occur in almost every number, must certainly have struck you, and I regret to think that prejudice, though it could not render you insensible to their beauty, has evidently caused a kind of ungenerous repugnance to acknowledge it. Come, we are 'nothing if not critical,' and as two or three numbers are at this moment before me, I will point out a few instances in confirmation of what I have advanced.

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It is indeed but reasonable, that they, who are so unmercifully severe on the rhyming effusions of others, should admit nothing into their pages which will not endure the most rigorous scrutiny of criticism.

The following stanzas have, in my opinion, an amazing originality of idea, and elegance of expression; the author is moralizing on a heap of ruins, and observes—

By them the mind is taught to know
That all is vanity below,
And that our being only
Is for a day, and that we pass,
And are forgotten,—and the grass
Will wave above us lonely.
Yea, all must change—We cannot stay:
The spoiler, Time, with onward sway,
All human pride defaces;
A few brief years revolve, and then
We are no more, and other men
Shall occupy our places!

The great moral truths that "all is vanity below," that we must all die, and other generations succeed us, were never hit upon by

a poet before, or at least never so poetically treated: the solemn sententiousness of

Yea, all must change !"

appears to me unequalled, except the elegance of the conclusion,

Shall occupy our places."

These exquisite stanzas are from a poem by Δ ; and on every subject, the author's moral reflections are beyond all praise. The following verse from his "September Forest" is in the same strain with the foregoing, and the last line in particular evinces his peculiar depth of penetration and originality of thought.

This moral lesson let me draw,

That earthly means are vain to fly

Great nature's universal law,

And that we all must come to die!

Nothing can be finer; a squeamish friend of mine, however, affects to quarrel with this very stanza, and proposes to alter it thus:

"This moral lesson let me draw,
That earthly means are vain, we know,
To fly the universal law,
And that we all must come to go."

The amendment is scarcely obvious.—I have now to transcribe two passages of such overpowering pathos and enchanting simplicity, that it is scarcely possible to peruse them without tears; they occur in a poem by C, (July, 1821.)

But thou wilt then, fond mother,
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wond'rous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.
Thou'lt say "My first-bern blessing!
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet for thee I know
Thou and all ald as a grant of the same and a single same and a singl

I candidly acknowledge, that in the whole course of my reading I

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have met with nothing so decidedly natural and affecting, unless the following may be allowed to dispute the palm with them:

"Young Buonaparte's battle cry
Perchance hath kindled his old cheek,
It is no shame that he should sigh,
His heart is like to break!
I entered, and I saw him lie
Within the chamber all alone,
I drew near very solemnly
To dead Napoleon!"

Is there not in the simple grandeur of this, something truly appalling?—In the reminiscences of departed pleasure or beauty, poets have long delighted to indulge; but neither in Rogers or any other writer, is there a passage to compete in melancholy beauty with the one I am about to quote:

I thought me of its summer pride,

And how the sod was gemm'd with flow'rs,

And how the river's azure tide

Was over-arch'd with lofty bow'rs;

And how the small birds caroll'd gay,

And lattice work the sunshine made;

And how, &c. &c. &c.

If any thing were now wanting to complete my triumph over your prejudices, the following stanza would certainly put them to flight at once.

Oh! the rapture of beauty, of sweetness of sound,

That succeeded that soft gracious rain!

With laughter and singing the vallies rang round,

And the little hills shouted again!

I am aware that the beauties of poetry operate variously on various minds; that it demands no common nicety of perception to define the precise boundaries between the sublime and the absurd, the simple and the affected; but the excellence of the above stanza is, in my opinion, so glaringly obvious, that it would be impossible for any two critics, even of the most opposite literary principles, to differ, for one moment, in their opinions of its merit; I should be sorry to imagine that you have read it without a certain degree of enthusiasm—without a peculiar feeling of rapture—to me, indeed, its sublimity is most astounding, and in that essential

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quality, I cannot help thinking it surpasses even the terrific stanza of the nursery,

Hey diddle! diddle! the cat and the fiddle!

The cow jump'd over the moon!

The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,

And the dish ran after the spoon!

This is confessedly great; but mark with what a burst of glowing and exalted feeling the stanza from Blackwood commences!

Oh! the rapture of beauty, of sweetness of sound, That succeeded that soft gracious rain!

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This too is a sensation, into which every one can readily enter, who has had the pleasure of being caught in a shower, and of course the author's judgment and good taste in device of subject is rendered more apparent. I appeal confidently to you, if for vigour of conception and felicity of expression, the last two lines are not unrivalled in our language?

With laughter and singing the vallies rang round,
And the little hills shouted again!

In this " laughing and singing of the vallies," and this " shouting of the little hills" he has certainly outdone every other writer! The skipping of the mountains in holy writ is vulgar by comparison, and Byron's "Young Earthquake" in Childe Harold, shrinks into insighiscance. In the nursery stanza I have just quoted, there is, confessedly, a bold approximation, but not an absolute approach to the grandeur of the poet in Blackwood; the "cow jumping over the moon" is undeniably a master-piece, but somewhat weakened, perhaps, by the domestic image of the dish chasing the spoon, which, to speak candidly, appears rathe ran improbable kind of circumstance, and at any rate, has little reference to the context. A want of connection, indeed, is visible throughout the metrical commencement of "hey diddle diddle." however beautiful in itself and venerable from its antiquity (having doubtless descended to us from the Druids with "Derry-down," which, according to Lawrence Templeton, Esq. formed a part of their religious chorus) bearing little relation, that I can perceive, to the succeeding pictures of the cat and the fiddle: but this is a digression, and I return, as Byron says, " to that which is immediate." It may be objected, that notwithstanding rain has descended upon the earth in every possible manner for nearly six

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thousand years, we have yet no proof upon record that the phenomena of the vallies laughing and singing, and the little hills shouting, were ever witnessed by a single human creature; but does not this evince still more clearly the terrible profundity of the author's exclusive communion with nature? Because this " favourite child" has been admitted to the contemplation of her more secret raptures, shall we petty mortals presume to cavil with the greatness of ideas resulting from such sublime intercourse? I blush to say that various simple minded persons have remarked to me in a kind of perplexity, "we have been drenched through and through, among hills and vallies, and never observed all this!" but let such persons be sure that the rain falling at such times was at once soft and generous, otherwise their objection is childishly inefficient; let them remember too that poetry must not be cited to the bar of plodding and prosing common sense;—like the oracles of old, its value generally arises from being utterly unintelligible, and those conceptions certainly possess the highest claims upon our admiration, which have the least relation to human feelings and sympathies, and are the most remote from all human probability In defiance therefore of such carping fastidiousness, I assert that the poet in Blackwood has achieved a perfect triumph, and that to his "soft gracious rain" nothing in the whole range of poetry can be found equal, from the golden shower of Jupiter, celebrated by the ancients, to the oriental rain which Mr. Moore tells us drops from the sky, and what is perhaps rather more remarkable, "turns into pearls as it falls in the sea."

These are a few of the innumerable passages, which it would be an easy, yet certainly a superfluous task, to select from the rich mass of poetical excellence in Blackwood; but you are not incorrigible, and I content myself with my present victory, not doubting that you are lost in amazement at your former prejudices, and intend to purchase the entire work immediately. Well may the production, whose pages are so adorned, attack with unrelenting acrimony the effusions of a Keats! since the most ardent admirers of that youthful poet will searcely venture to assert that he could, in his happiest moments, have produced a single passage of equal merit with the foregoing.

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WILL WORMWOOD.

The experience of the Wisitors, it is sometimes that

cureit of intumacy, must no vesserie sub-suc a variety of dissista-

factor fiction. 'Yea have him at hay, and subterings cambe

minds. Some men pleane we by their the set of by their posts par. THERE are few persons so reserved in their habits, as to be averse to social intercourse. The studious, the melancholy, and the thoughtful, however they may shun that promiscuous mingling with their fellows, which brings them into such frequent collision with uncongenial natures, are yet anxious to associate with those who are engaged in similar pursuits, or influenced by similar feelings with themselves. There is a melancholy sameness in perpetually referring for amusement to the resources of our own minds. We are anxious to look abroad for objects to whom we can impart a portion of our treasures, and from whom we can receive, if not an adequate return, at least something worth adding to our stock of information. Even the natural reserve of the English character is not proof against the desire of multiplying acquaintances. The distinction between this class of persons and friends (strictly so called) is sufficiently obvious; and perhaps we are rarely so sanguine as to expect a sincere attachment in every one, with whom circumstances may have placed us in a degree of intimacy; but there is a secret pride in being the object of regard; and we are anxious to extend a connexion, which, though it may not promise any permanent advantage, contributes in no mean degree to the s and the west while a the adving and

First impressions are powerful. A brief intercourse frequently begets a prepossession, the propriety of which our cooler reason is anxious to analyse. Like a beautiful picture, viewed at a distance; we wish to behold it nearer, that we may trace the means by which the artist has delighted us. There appears no better expedient for diving into the character of a man than inviting him to your own table. You can then ascertain whether the elasticity of spirits,—the jovial good-humour, that caught your admiration, was the result of natural organization, or merely arose from a temporary ebullition, which can only be excited by the presence of a large party and cheerful conversation. Or, on the other hand, should your newfound acquaintance have attracted your regard by the apparent soundness of his understanding, or the depth of his knowledge, a conversation entre dear will prove whether that regard was founded

on fact or fiction. You have him at bay, and subterfuge cannot avail him.

The experience of those who are desirous of extending their circle of intimacy, must necessarily embrace a variety of dissimilar minds. Some men please us by their wit; others by their learning; and we are not unfrequently interested by eccentricities. There is a convenience in being acquainted with persons of opposite dispositions and pursuits. Every man's affairs necessarily partake of a diversified character, and there are circumstances to which most of us are liable, wherein the advice and assistance of those, whose occupations, habits, and manners differ from our own, may be productive of advantage.—But waving these considerations, let us glance at that variety of character, which an ordinary intercourse cannot fail to present, and bestow a thought or two on that numerous class of individuals, known by the designation of visiting friends.

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The modest visitor eats little, and drinks less. He selects the least costly viands, and partakes of your hospitality so sparingly, that you either fear your entertainment is not acceptable, or vexed at the imperceptible diminution, begin to regret having made so liberal a preparation. You are chagrined at the heartlessness of his enjoyment; and wish you could infuse into him a portion of your own jollity,-some of that bon vivant spirit, which sets the pulses. beating cheerily together, enlivening and shedding a glow of rapture over the social board. You are anxious to see his demure phiz brightened by a smile; to expand the muscles of his rigid countenance into a broad grin, or a hearty laugh; and are ever pressing him to drink and fill. He is too polite to refuse, but avails himself of his privilege as a guest to pour out what quantity he pleases: and his glasses are only thimble fulls. So that you have the mortification of finding that your brain, under the exhilirating influence of the potations you have swallowed to set him a good example, has ascended to the regions of fancy, a lonely and solitary guest. He rises to take his leave at an early hour. No persuasion can endure him to violate his regular rule; and you do not press it, for you begin to be heartily tired of his company, and he quits you with a formal bow, and a cold "good night," leaving no tracks of epicurean devastation to mark his visit, and no cheering impression on your mind, towish it repeated ashae sid to securbe a

Your impertinent visitor, on the other hand, is troubled with no

such scruples. He is everywhere at home, and never more so than where he is least welcome. You are spared the trouble of inviting him, for he is usually a self-bidden guest; and, dispensing with the formality of a personal compliment, includes himself in all invitations given in his presence. He tells you he always makes free; and leaves you no doubt of his sincerity, by placing himself in your arm chair, the moment he enters, rubbing his hands together, and observing, with a grin, that now he is quite at home. He glances his eye around your apartment, with a prying impudence; pronounces your paintings daubs, and wonders at the badness of your taste. Having a portion of quicksilver in his composition, he is seldom long at ease in the same position. He jumps up with a yawn, pulls out his watch, thinks the dinner plaguily late; and complaining how confoundedly he is bored with ennui, throws himself horizontally on your new and elegant Grecian couch, to which he imparts manifest symptoms of road dust, combined with the sable tinge of Day and Martin's blacking. Other visitors are announced: he returns the formal bow of introduction with a familiar nod; and is as intimate in five minutes, as if he had been acquainted with. them half his life time. The Impertinent visitor is a convenient auxiliary to a party of timid maids and bashful bachelors; he always breaks the ice, and never suffers the conversation to cool, nor. does he puzzle you with questions, for he invariably anticipates the answers; and sets the table in a roar by his uproarious relish of his own jokes. In short, he is what is termed a jolly fellow, and with all his faults, you are constrained to think of him with Prince Hal, that you could better spare a better man.

The loquacious visitor cares little as to what you set before him, provided you will "lend him your ears." He finishes his dinner at the first course, that his tongue may rove ad libitum, while you are engaged on the others; and he usually prefers soup, consommé, and a light pudding, for he wisely concludes that mastication is unfavorable to discourse; and that he should lose the opportunity of saying a hundred good things, while he was engaged in the discussion of a slice of venison or the breast of a turkey. You are mistaken if you hope to entertain him with your fund of knowledge, or budget of anecdote. He tells you plainly, before you begin, that you can not impart anything which he has not heard before. In fact, he regards every attempt at speaking in another person, as an intrenchment on his own province, and is best pleased when

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you ask him a question, or require his opinion; and of course you cannot be so unreasonable as to expect him to study brevity.

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The taciturn visitor leaves you all the talk to yourself. His only reply to your observations is a nod of assent, a shake of the head, or a monosyllable. You at first impute his silence to reserve, or a natural modesty, which he will speedily shake off; and in this expectation, you encourage him to get rid of his mauvaise honte, by trite observations on the news of the day, the weather, and those ordinary topics of conversation, that require no effort of mind to discuss, and by which you hope to lead him into a discourse on more important subjects. But in this hope you are deceived. He is too well bred to differ from you; and yes and no are all you can extract from him. You derive one satisfaction, however, from his visit; he does full justice to your hospitality; and passes the bottle with a briskness that delights you. You begin to meditate another effort to rouse his conversational powers; and fancy you have discovered his taciturnity to proceed from that subject having been omitted in which he most excels. You run through the whole circle of the sciences, and amaze yourself with your own erudition. You throw him out a bait in history, philosophy, politics, religion:—in vain; he does not even gratify you by a nibble; and after exhausting the storehouse of your mind, you are at a loss whether to attribute his silence to stupidity or pride; whether you shall set him down as a haughty wise man, or an illiterate fool.

The most numerous class of visitors, however, are those, who being engaged in some particular businessor pursuit, carry the discussion of it wherever they go. If in trade, they annoy you with their speculations and bargains, their gains and their losses, and expect you to be as interested in the fluctuations of tallow or the rise and fall of hops, as themselves. Some are violent politicians, disposed to quarrel with all who differ from them in opinion, and who would sooner sit down to an argument than a dinner. Your hospitality is only made the vehicle for a conversational debate, by which one half your guests feel themselves slighted, from their inability to take part in it, and the other half are little disposed to honour you again with a visit, from the angry feelings which the controversy has elicited.

There are likewise what are termed serious visitors, who, ever on the qui vive for converting others to their own way of thinking, intrude their religious opinions on every person at every time and

in every place. You cannot pick your teeth or take a pinch of sauff, without a sermon or a reproof; and their bigotted severity not only imposes an ungracious task on themselves, but renders them objects of universal disgust to others. But of all visitors, those, termed droppers-in, are the least agreeable. They generally pop upon you when you are engaged in business, or going to set down to dinner; and tell you they merely call to see how you are. You press them to stay and be seated, but they have never a minute to spare. They cannot stop a moment; for they have engaged at such a time, to meet Mr. So-and-so, at such a place; and they would not for the world disappoint him. In this delightful state of suspense, with your business or your dinner cooling, and to which every moment is equally fatal, you are obliged to enter into a commonplace chit chat with these disturbers of domestic comfort, who compel you, for a good hour at least, to listen to their unmeaning volubility; and when they at length prepare to relieve you from their presence, you are constrained by politeness to smile them an adieu; and hope the next time they call, they'll stay longer, and not hurry away so. dar cast world ross as most and all

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SCENE,-A FASHIONABLE BOUDGIR.

"Go, Betty, fetch my cambric handkerchief,
My eau de luce also, and smelling bottle,
These eyes are darken'd with a cloud of grief,
Be quick, or sorrow will thy mistress throttle.

"Oh, Sensibility, thou sainted maid—
Fast fall my tears over thy dear, dear pages;
Hard is the heart,—a millstone I'm afraid,—
Whose care such moving anguish ne'er assuages.

"Here Betty comes—no handkerchief I vow:
Well, what's the matter?—why in such a flurry?
Any new novel hot from Scotland, now?
Any new publications come from Murray?"

"No ma'am, indeed—'tis nothing of the sort—
There's a poor woman crying at the door,
With her two babes—enough to break one's heart—
Naked and almost famish'd, I am sure."

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"Pooh!—get my handkerchief, and shut the gate,
And do not listen to the idle trollop:
My smelling-bottle, minx—What! must I wait?

These beggars sicken me like Swift's Maw Wallop.

Oh, for a second part of Lalla Rookh,
Or precious piece of pathos from Lord Byron—
Passion in every line on which we look,
And mental fire enough to melt cold iron.

" Ah, what is W.W. about?

And when will Southey print another Epic?

Setting the teeth on edge like sour krout,

Making nerves tremble with delight hysteric."

"Ma'am, there's a man below in shabby black, Sends up this paper to your ladyship,"

"Poems by subscription—'tis some rhyming hack;
I've no desire his Hippocrene to sip.

"Stop, Betty, let me see—what names are here?
Three copies for the Lady Mary Bab!
Three more in royal for Sir Peter Sneer!
And half a dozen for my Lord Mc. Nab!

"Well, set me down for half a dozen too,
It sha'nt be said, that Lord Mc. Nab outdid me;
And Lady Bab her lips in scorn would screw,
For fame in public could she thus outbid me.

"Madeline, in two volumes—Mrs. Opie's;
Well, she's a charming writer to be sure;
Millman's new work—Oh! for the early copies!
Where's Crabbe, I wonder? will he write no more?"

"La, ma'am, the beadles, constables, and all,
Are at the door, and make a mighty pother
About a butcher, ma'am, one Peter Hall,
As if your La'ship were the fellow's mother."

"Butcher?—misfortune?—oh, some vulgar scrub;
His wife consumptive, and his house burnt down,
His business—Pshaw! a story of a tub—
There, Betty—take the people half a crown.

"Lord Bathos Bombast Humdrum prints his works,
And sends them round to all his friends, they say,
I'll print my elegies, and let the Turks,
The critics, snarl and snivel as they may.

Tho' sweetly flow thy rhymes, thou noble poet, I, too, am honour'd by the heav'nly nine, I, too, have genius, and I mean to show it, My sonnets are almost as good as thine.

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print:"
So sings the noble Childe, I'll straight about it,

" A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't;
Alas! there is no living,—none, without it.

"Oh, when I vend my sentimental groans,
My sighs, so true to fashionable feelings,
Their pathos will disturb the very stones,
A heart in things inanimate revealing.

"Ah, then to see my tears shine in octavo,
Wire-wove and hotpress'd—oh, the thought's delightful!
The Lady's Magazine, henceforth, I waive:—oh!
Urban, thy sober pages are grown frightful.

"Then will Blue Stockings of my genius talk,

Me a new Sappho or new Hannah deeming;

The lioness of fashion I shall stalk—

But heav'n protect us! what is that a-screaming?"

"La, ma'am—oh, ma'am, dear ma'am—here's such a job,
Oh, mercy!—how the bone crunch'd, crinkle crankle—
Your la'ship's footman, ma'am, poor, poor old Hob,
Has broke his leg, ma'am, just above his ankle."

Go, send him to the hospital, I beg,
And do not scream so loud—you hussey, you,
When next a stupid footman breaks his leg.

(Betty, my coach),—ye Muses, on me look,
If any crabb'd Review the work abuses,
To Prince Posterity I'll leave my book.

" I'll drive to Mr. Davison's, White-friars—
The manuscripts, I think, are fairly written,—
Ambition now my yielding bosom fires,
And with the love of fame my soul is smitten.

"My coach! My coach—Laurels and bays I covet,

'The carriage waits:'—then bring my hat and scarf,
Dear notoriety! oh! how I love it—

Drive, Thomas, drive—you are too slow by half."

H.

The Classical Tourist,

An Epistle from John Labb at Athens, to his Sweetheart, Molly, in London.

ful!

DEAR MOLLY,-This comes to let you know, that I am very well, hoping you are the same. I have seen a great many foreign parts since I left Dollyscoton, and as you know I'm very cute, I've got a power of knowledge. When I and my lord left Dover, we were only three hours of getting into France; and there, Molly, all the people are foreigners, man, woman, and child; and they all spoke so queer. However, my lord was up to them, and shewed them that he could speak as queer as they did. They must be a very contradictory kind of people to talk such gibberish, when plain English is so much easier; for you know, Molly, you and I have only to open our mouths, and out it comes. Well, on we went to a large town called Paris; and there my lord hired a man they called a travelling currier, that said he had been in all the countries of the world. But I soon found out that was a lie; for he could not tell me any thing about our village of Dollyscoton : he only laughed at me. So, says I to myself, it's no business of mine : I'll let it pass.

Here is a very grand place, called the Pally Royal. Mercy on

while I was standing at the outside, I saw, as I thought, another servant in livery enter; so in I bolted; and was just going to give him a slap on the back, and ask him his master's name, when my lord's currier came up and stopped my arm, and told me that was an officer in the army. Well, thinks I, travellers see strange things. It is the first time I ever saw an officer in the army without a red coat before. There is another place, called the Loover. One part of it is full of stone men and women, very ugly, but looking at one, just as if they were alive. Up stairs, you see in a long hall as many andmore pictures, than are to be seen at all the booths in Dollyscoton Fair for twenty years. Do you know, Molly, my lord has turned very fond of pictures. I saw him give two or three hundred pounds for one not much bigger than my hand; I know the frame could not be worth above three shillings.

Well, we soon left Paris, and on we went through a number of places, till we arrived at some very high rocks and mountains. Surely, thinks I to myself, we have got to the end of the world at last; however said nothing, but took my chance. After passing a great many frightful looking places, I could hear from my lord's discourses with some English gentlemen we met on the road, that we were just coming to the country where all the Italians live. At last we came to Rome, a large town, but having a great many of its churches and chapels in a very ruinous condition. Indeed, Molly, I am astonished how they let them fall to pieces in that way, for some of them would look very grand if they were painted and repaired. I wonder the parish don't look to it: I know at Dollyscoton they would have a job if it was only to whitewash them, My dear Molly, betwirt you and I, my lord seems to have lost his senses. The more any house is out of repair, the fonder he seems to be of it; but I will tell you more about that hereafter. You know, my dear Molly, how kind Parson Meekly has always been to us, and you know he is going to marry us; so I remembered that I used often to hear him speak to my ford about one Horace Wirgil, a gentleman that lived in this very town, and how pleased he was at reading any of his writings; so, as you know I am very 'cute in these matters, I thought that if I could find out the gentleman, and get a line or two from him, Parson Meekly would take it very kind indeed. Well, I called at almost every door for a mile round, but nobody knew any thing about him, so that I dure my he is either dead or left the country. My lord's curvier

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says, that from the name he supposes the gentleman must be a German. I understand also that the Pope is still alive : he must be a very aged man indeed, for I have often heard my grandfather read about him in a very ancient book, a matter of a hundred years old. But continuing our travels, on we went till we came to a town they called Naples. Near this place I saw such a smoke coming from the top of a mountain, that I thought at first it was some pottery or china manufactory, but I understand that all the inside of the mountain was burning, and that it was the gate of Hell. I was very glad, you may be sure, when my lord left the place; and after some time we arrived at a town built in the water, or perhaps there had been a great flood, for all the streets were covered with water. I have forgotten the name of it, but that is of no consequence. As we soon went aboard a ship, I had some hopes that we were going to land in England; but no such thing : we came to the strangest place I had ever seen: would you believe it, Molly? the men wear no hats, they have only their night-caps, with their pocket handkerchiefs tied round them. I think if Mr. Dowlas, the draper of Dollyscoton, was to send over some hats here, he would find a great demand for them. Well, on we went to a place they call Athens, the very town I write this from, but such a beggarly roinous place! broken pillars, stone men and women, some wanting the legs, and some wanting the head. Oh Molly! you would not give sixpence for half the town. I dare say some bank had broken here, and business had so fallen off, that the shopkeepers could not pay the rents, so that the landlords did not think it worth while to repair the houses. It is at this place that I am confirmed in my opinion that my lord has lost his senses. Would you believe it, Molly? he is gathering a great quantity of stones, and sending them aboard a ship to take them to England. God knows, I am sure, there are enough of stones and bricks too at Dollyscoton. I don't know where he means to go next, but I wish I were at home again. He talks sometimes about going to the land of Egypt, which you know, Molly, as the scriptures say, is the "house of bondage:" I am sure I cannot sleep, thinking of it. I once had a mind to run away, but I don't know the road back, and when I asked several of the decentest looking people to direct me to Dollyscoton, they only shook their heads at me, so I must go wherever my lord goes.

My dear Molly, you see by my letter what a great improvement and knowledge of foreign countries I have gotten. As you can't

read writing very easily, I know you'll be shewing this to Mr. Taskem the schoolmaster, and I dare say he'll be surprised at it. I'm a match for him now at talking, for he has only read about all these outlandish places, but I have seen them. My dear Molly, if I come back alive, and my lord pays me two years' wages he owes me, then we shall be married, and you shall be landlady of the Hog in the Pound, for you know old Giles Tap wants to sell the goodwill of it. I shall be also the 'cutest man in the village, for none of them all knows any thing about foreign parts but myself; for you know, Molly, I have seen France, and Paris, and Greece, and Italy, and Rome, and Europe; and in all these places I have been your constant and true lover, for there is ne'er a young woman I have seen, with cheeks half so red or half so plump and good looking as you are; as for me, I am getting as fat as Farmer Dobbin's pig, that the Whatdo-ye-call-it Society gave him a premium for, which was the least they could do, as none of his family could eat it. God bless you, Molly, and if I get back alive, I shall always be your true and constant lover till death. The under rather salt along an anow

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John Bicker, the drunken Dominie of Kilwoody.

DE'IL break your leg if ye get out ower the door the night to ony of your drunken compinions. Do ye think that I am to be getting out of my warm bed, to be letting you in at a' the hours of the night, you nasty sow! I wish the first drap of whiskey yetak, wad gang like boiling lead down your throat." Such were the mild remonstrance and exclamation of scolding Tibby to her husband, John Bicker, the dry Dominie of Kilwoody. John answered with great mildness: "Ah, Tibby, the whiskey's nae so strong now-a-days, woman; its mair like water than ony thing else. Ye ken this morning, Davy and I drank a whole muchkin afore our breakfasts and were never a bit the waur of it." "The mair's the pity," retorted Tibby, " the deil's ay good to his ain. But out of this house ye shanna stir till morning." "Only ower the way to Saunders Glasse's," returned John, "I gae Davyand Rob my hand, that I would come, and I'll no stay very lang: indeed I man gang, Tibby." "Ye'll gang o'er my back then," exclaimed Tibby, placing herself betwixt John and the door, "and ye's get the mark of my ten nails as deep as I can houk in your face. Am ower easy and good natured wi' ye, you vagabond, and that's the way ye leave me to gang after your drunken sand-beds, that would soak in as muckle whiskey as would fill our goose-dub; ne'er-do-weels, that hae their stomachs paved wi' whin-stanes." John stood and wriggled his shoulder, and scratched his head at this announcement of a determined blockade. He tried to appease the enemy, but in vain. He knew his own strength, but was unwilling to exert it. A vigorous attack would in a moment have procured him liberty; but this, John was afraid, would be attended with too much clamour; and perhaps be productive of consequences he might afterwards be sorry for. He therefore determined to call off the attention of his infuriated spouse by a seeming acquiescence, and so take advantage of some lucky opportunity of effecting his escape. But this system of

tactics had been tried too often before, and Tibby seemed determined it should not succeed this time, as she cautiously barred the door of their little cottage, and placed herself so as to have a full view and command of that weak part of the garrison. John was turning disconsolate to the fire-place, when his feelings were aroused to the full pitch of resolution by the voice of a friend on the outside, "John, we're biding for you: what de'il keeps you, mon?" It was the voice of Davey Gourlay, and the sound was irresistible. John flew to the door, which he unbolted in a twinkling, burst from the enraged grasp of his wife, who fell upon the threshold in the momentary struggle, and ere she could recover the use of her tongue, or her limbs, the Dominie of Kilwoody, nimble as the mountain deer, bounded over the hills, with the all-inspiring emotion of newly recovered liberty, and anticipation of social delight. Tibby, seeing all her plans frustrated, and her determinations thwarted, could only give vent to her feelings in imprecations against her husband, and the direct wishes as to his fate. "I wish he may never enter this door again alive," she exclaimed. "May I hae just the satisfaction of stretching him on his dead-dale. I hope this nicht he'll taste his last drap o' whiskey in this world. It wad gi' me the greatest pleasure, that on Sabbath next he was laid in the kirk yard o' Kilwoody; the graceless wretch !" Here she sobbed with passion. "O! that I saw him in his dead claes, and the black bits o' board on ilka side o' him!"

The day had been moist and warm, but towards evening the clouds began to discharge their contents in torrents, and one of those sudden transitions, from mildness to the most piercing cold, took place, which are so often weefully felt by the valetudinarian about the close of autumn. John, however, the hero of our tale, was snug, comfortable, and dry, in the warm corner of Saunders Glasse's clean-sanded parlour, where every fresh potation of whiskey toddy seemed to inspire bim and his companions with warmer and more affectionate regard for each other. The solitary song soon gave place to the universal chorus. The storm that raged without was lost in the joyous uproar that expressed all the rapture of social feeling within. Long before midnight, John and his four jovial companions had vowed to stand by each other, " come weel, come wee." Scolding wives, squalling children, tomorrow's labour, to-morrow's care, were all forgotten, and the hour of parting, like the hour of death, if it crossed the imagination for

a moment, was chased away by the loud sounding laugh, the cordial shake of the hand, and the fresh flowing bumper? We to a clouds it bo

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Scolding Tibby, as the only gratification of revenge which was in her power, bolted carefully the door; moved all the pieces of furniture which were portable, to strengthen the fortification, and went to bed at an early hour, vowing that her drunken husband should find no shelter in home from the howling storm which now threatened almost every moment to overthrow their little dwelling. Wakeful to enjoy the success of her manœuvres, Tibby, however, did not sleep; she listened with the utmost anxiety betwixt every pause of the hurricane, and watched for the Dominie's return, that if possible she might add insult and reproaches to her merciless refusal of admittance.

The hour of one had tolled its solitary note from the parish kirk of Kilwoody, when the attentive ear of Tibby distinguished the sound of some one fumbling about the door in search of the latch. It was the next moment gently lifted, but the door still remained immoveable; a knocking was then heard, but still Tibby kept silent. "Aperite portam lopen the door," cried the Dominie, in a tone, which shewed evidently the state of inebriation in which he had returned. The vengeful denial stood trembling on Tibby's lip, but she repressed it, rightly judging the silence with which she treated his request would add to her petitioner's embarrassment. With the exultation of successful revenge, she heard his knockings, his threats, and his entreaties, and so callous was she to his sufferings, that in a short time, wearied with the tumul nous passions to which her mind was a constant prey, she fell fast asleep.

About six in the morning she was awakened by the sound of several voices at her door, and ere she could half dress herself, to appear with decency, she distinguished, amidst a confusion of tongues, the slarming expressions of "Ay, ay, he's gane at last. Wae's me! John, it's an awfu' thing, at yer ain door too, stiff and cauld: it's an awfu' thing." Tibby removed the barracading, and opened the door. She pierced among the small crowd, which was now fast increasing, and beheld her husband lying without sense or motion on the ground. "John! John!" she exclaimed with terror, "dinna lay there, man; come awa to your warm bed, I didna mean to hurt ye!"—"Nae bed will ever warm him," exclaimed one of the bye standers, "a dreadful life ye led him in this warld; and I'm sure he canna be warr used in the neist." Tibby stood motionless, while two or

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three of the stoutest young fellows in the crowd carried the body within doors, and laid it on the bed "There never was sic a nicht under heaven," exclaimed one, "as last nicht; nane but the heart of a monster wad hae refused shelter to a dog in sic a storm." " Oh!" cried another, she'll find a judgment come ower her afore she dies; it's to be hoped honest John's now in glory; but as for you, ye limmer, an awfu' end will be seen of you." Tibby was not of a disposition to allow herself to be baited thus with impunity; and put to her shifts, she stoutly defended herself. "It was a' owing to his drunken graceless ways," she retorted, "I told him how it wad be, I did a' that I could to keep him frae that nasty den, Saunders Glasse's, but it was ordained it was to be the death o'him." "That'sa mair sensible word," said Willey Clew the weaver, who was also an elder of the kirk, " that's a mair sensible word, than I wad hae expected o' ye; for if providence, for its ain ends, ordained that John Bicker was to die, no a' the warm fire-sides at ween this and Loch Leven wad hae saved him, had he been put just in the middle o' them." Every body assented to the truth of this sage observation, and Tibby, by the lucky hint, obtained a respite from further animadversion on her conduct. The visitors, one by one, dropped off, eager to enjoy the momentary attention they might command by being the first to communicate the dreadful event to the quidnuncs of the parish of Kilwoody. All the old women, as they sipped a little glass of comfortable aqua-vitæ, raised their eyes to heaven, and inveighed most bitterly against the sin of drunkenness. The wives, in manyan energetic lecture, set forcibly before their husbands' eyes the dreadful fate of the dry Dominie, and the men retorted that it could not be all the whiskey in Saunders Glasse's change-house that could hae affected the well-seasoned stomach of Johnny Bicker; but that he owed his death, poor man, to the termagant cato'-thunder, his wife, who had left him exposed all night to such dreadful weather. I was an air and are voyed as a white a wage

There are some consciences, who have so much antipathy to the stings of self-reproach, that let their actions partake of ever so much turpitude, the most innocent, and even the most praiseworthy motive is assigned for them. Tibby was one of this class; and to hear her expressions, as she undressed the inanimate body of her husband, one could not have supposed that her obstinacy had had the smallest share in his destruction. "Wae's me, John, you wadna hae come to this untimely end, if ye had ta'en the advice o' your ain Tibby. Ye wad

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hae stopt comfortably by your ain cosie fireside, and no tempted providence at a' the hours of the nicht; weel did I ken that nae good could come o' it, and muckle wark I had to try to keep ye at hame. But no; ower my back ye wad gang." Tibby was here interrapted in ber cogitations by the entrance of Auld Alice, This withered Sybil had been so long accustomed to all the paraphernalia of mortality, that deaths and funerals were the chief sources ofher enjoyments. Alice kept an exact register in her own mind of all that had died, or were likely to die, in the parish of Kilwoody; could name all the otherwise unrecorded tenantry of the churchvard; and as if she expected to survive all the present generation, was at no loss in assigning, even to every living inhabitant, his or her future cold and narrow mansion. Indeed, the region of death seemed to be the element in which she lived. With a ready tact and handiness of manner, which shewed her heart went with the work, she closed the dying eyes of one, stretched out another decently on the board, which, in Scotland called the dead-dale, is placed under the corpse previous to its coffining; and dressed a third neatly in the fancifully cut and ornamented garb of the grave, the work of her own taste and ingenuity, which alas! was only to be exhibited for a moment and withdrawn from mortal sight for ever-Averpected death produced a feeling of culm satisfaction in the mind of Alice; but a sudden event, of the kind I have just relatediscemed to be a supernumerary favour conferred by fortune in her kindest moments. Alice therefore no sooner heard of the circomstance, than she flew to offer her services. While she kindly enquired into the particulars of the affair, her interrogatories were mingled with the sagest reflections on the necessity of submitting towhat she termed the workings of providence, and many a wishful look she cast to the bed, eager for the signal to begin her operations." " A wee drap o' water, Tibby, and just tak' the chill affit. A bonny weel-far'd corpse as ere I saw, sin the day that Tam Mickleson drapped aff. Haud ye up the jaw-bane, till I fasten this firmly about the lugs. That's richt. Na, na, you manua tie it there; pit the bonny locks just anaith the nightcap. I wish we had the dead-dale here, for we canna straught him well without it; a' the joints get sae stiff. If they be supple the morn's morning, I'se tell you what; it's a sure sign they'll be mair ganging the gate he's gane afore the year be out." Affice had thus far proceeded, when they were joined by a much less disinterested visitor, Tam Mowar, the wright, by whom

all the coffins in the parish of Kilwoody had been made to measure for the last twenty years, for he kept none of those ready-made articles which may be seen in many parts of the English metropolis, requiring only to be lined and finished off at an hour's notice. The bracing air of Kilwoody, in spite of two Edinburgh medical professors who had lately set up to amend the constitutions of its inhabitants, seemed so obstinately favorable, at least to corporeal sanity, that Tam Mowat, with the assistance of an apprentice or two, could execute any order as soon as wanted.

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The personage we have mentioned spoke very kindly to the widow, and still kindlier to Auld Alice, whom he considered a kind of jackall to his profession. He had called in, he said, merely to see his honest worthy neighbour, after the waefu' and melancholy accident. There was nae a man in the parish, he said, he was mair fond o' than Mr John Bicker; and he believed there was nae anither man of sic learning left in a' Kilwoody; "but this," he added, "is betwixtourseils, and you need tak' nae notice o' it." Tibby assent. ed to the truth of all these encomiums; yet still the man of wood had the mortification of not being nearer his purpose. After as many hints and manœuvres, as might have been beheld with admiration by a London shopkeeper, Tam ventured to hope "that his auld friend wad be decently interred, becoming the respectable manner he had ay lived in." "God forbid he shudna," rejoined Auld Alice, "and I'se see the grave housed mysell in the nor' east corner, within a fit o' Babby Wishart's head-stane; they never liked yis anither when living, but they'll sleep quietly thegither for a' that." The wright, without any further orders, took out his rule and began to measure the length of his old acquaintance." A sax feet coffin will be just the thing," said he, and-" Five feet and a half," interrupted Tibby;" John was only five feet and a half." "I'm no ane," answered the wright, "that likes to stint things ; I ay make it a point to gies corpse plenty of room. It's a hard thing that a man's to be straitened in his coffin, whatever he was in the warld. Let me see, what age will I cat him?" " Twa and thirty next September," answered Tibby, "and be sure you mak' it strong and firm." "Leave it a' to me," returned Thomas, who was impatient to take his leave, having accomplished the end of his visit. The two ladies, however, insisted upon him taking a glass before his departure; in a few minutes after which, the dead-dale arrived, and Alice with alacrity pursued her willing task. She stretched the feet neatly parallel to

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cach other, laid the hands by the side, and spread the fingers open; then laying a sheet over the whole body, she placed a plate full of salt on the belly to keep off the influence of any evil spirit; after which, and refreshing herself with a dram, she took her leave, assuring Tibby that she would return punctually in the evening to watch the whole night by the side of the corpse, an attention which the country people in Scotland never omit paying to their deceased friends. And here it may not be unnecessary to interrupt the thread of our story, by explaining to the English reader the manner in which funerals are conducted in Scotland, among the middling and lower classes of society.

In England there are two ways of being carried to our long last home. In a hearse with nodding plumes, attended by our friends in mourning coaches, or borne upon the shoulders of undertakers' porters, followed in regular files by all those whom duty and affection summon to the melancholy office; but in Scotland there is a third, though only practised among the poorer class, that is, having the coffin laid upon two or three poles, which are supported on each side by the friends of the deceased; alternately relieving each other, until they arrive at the grave.

When a Scotchman dies, his relations think they cannot shew a greater mark of respect to his memory than by securing a numerous attendance at his funeral. For this purpose, they immediately order circular letters to be printed. These bear the signature of the nearest relation or friend, and are drawn up in formal terms, amounting the fatal event, the time and place of interment, with an invitation to accompany the funeral. These letters are sent to every person with whom the deceased is supposed to have had the most distant acquaintance, so that it not unfrequently happens that amongst the crowd, which accompanies a man to the grave, there are found some who had scarcely any knowledge of his person.

On the day of interment, as the persons invited are too numerous to be admitted within doors, they wait in the street: each is dressed in a complete suit of black (the use of mourning cloaks being unknown,) so that it is in general necessary, even for the pettiest tradesman or mechanic, supposing him to be a man in a settled line of business, to be provided with this article, as he may chance to be invited to twenty of these occasions in the course of a year, many of which he may find it imprudent to decline.

The funeral is seldom delayed beyond the third day. After the

brought out and placed with the feet in front. The nearest relations gather round the head, and the rest follow promiscuously, without any order or solemnity, some talking over the news of the day, or, between every pinch of snuff, relating anecdotes of the deceased. In this manner they advance to the place of interment. No elergyman is seen in official attendance; no burial service is performed, the body is let down into the grave; the company uncover for a moment, the aperture is closed up, and all but the immediate friends of the deceased disperse to their respective homes, none but the latter description of persons returning to the desolate mansion. It may be proper also, to remark, that in no case are women allowed to accompany even the nearest and the best beloved of their friends.

To return to the thread of our story: Alice was punctual to her appointment, and Tibby, feeling little inclination to sleep, became the partner of her vigils. The large eight day clock, which had click'd for many a year in the farthest corner of the parlour, had been, as is customary on such occasions, condemned to temporary silence, and the tabby cat, which had hithertoroamed unrestrained, was, by Alice's direction, imprisoned in a solitary out-house. Tibby and her friend sat themselves down on each side of a comfortable fire, and placing the large family Bible on the table betwixt them, they read, or endeavoured to read, chapters alternately, wisely passing over the hard names which now and then occurred, neither of them being great adepts at dissecting polysyllables. This, to gether with a little village scandal, a ghost story or two, and now and then, a small drop of comforting liquid, enabled the ladies to pass the night without much uncasiness.

The next day at noon, Tibby was rather surprised at the entrance of two clean, neat, and rather fashionably dressed young men, who incovering as they approached her, with a great deal of politeness informed her, that they were Messrs. Chronic and M' Gruel, surgeous and apothecaries from Edinburgh, who had lately commenced practice in the parish of Kilwoody, and that they had called to solicit her permission to view the body of her husband. Tibby, unable to divine the cause of what she considered their singular curiosity, would fain have denied their request; but she was not a little abashed by their manner, which, though gentlemanly, was familiar and confident. She almost involuntarily muttered some term of ac-

quiescence. The two Esculapian philosophers approached the bed, and touched the body in several places; their observations and remarks were made, according to Tibby's report, in Latin: atleast, what to her seemed just as intelligible. By their manner, however, she guessed that they differed in opinion; but after a few minutes' wordy contention, they fixed upon a method of elucidating the subject; a method, which, as there is no such thing as a coroner's inquest in Scotland, they knew could only be put in practice by the consent of Tibby: this was, to examine the interior of the deceased, to search for the cause of his sudden departure; the body exhibiting appearances by no means common in apoplexies.

Tibby no sooner heard their request, than she lost all the respect with which she had hitherto treated them. She flew into a violent rage; and being joined by Auld Alice, who that moment entered with part of the grave paraphernalia, and who soon understood from the ejaculations of her friend, the cause of dispute, such a clamour ensued, that the two Galens of Kilwoody thought it best to make a fimely retreat. "What !" cried Alice, " gie honest John Bicker to the doctors, like a hangit man, for a' the Edinburgh Collegeners to glowr into the inside o' him." "God keep us a'," added Tibby, what the de'il do they want to see? Our John was shaped like ony other decent man; I'se warrant there were nae ferlies about him, mair than about ony other." " Never mind, Davey Gourlay and Samders Webster," answered Alice; "will sit up the nicht to see that hae harm happens to the gude man, and we'll hae a good deep grave honked for him, the morn's morning. I never thought thae doctor chields ower canny. There's Saundy Gordon, he's been cloghering and spitting his inside out for that twa or three years, and they've been ay gieing him this bottle and that bottle. Ouch dear, I think it's fleeing in the face of providence; and the doctors 'ill hae it a' to answer for, some day."

On the morrow, which was the day appointed for the interment, the sable crowd assembled as is usual on such occasions; about half an hour previous to which, Tam Mowat had arrived with the coffin. The body had been dressed with great neatness by the dexterous hands of Auld Alice; a glass of wine was handed to each of the few persons who had entered the dwelling, and Tibby was desired by the wright to take the last look of her inanimate busband. It was then that the emotions, which she had hitherto succeeded in suppressing, became irresistibly manifest. She was

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little filiar f acfor a few minutes convulsed with sobbing; this was luckily succeeded by a plentiful shower of tears, and—but we did not set out with the intention of writing a pathetic story: suffice it to say, that the dry Dominie was soon enclosed in that narrow boundary, which but a short time prevents us from mingling with our kindred earth. The sad reliques of mortality were borne to the door; the velvet mort-cloth, as it is called in Scotland, was thrown over it; and the procession moving on, soon arrived at the church-yard of Kilwoody. Alice watched it from the window, and was not a little surprised at observing the two surgeons, Messrs. Chronic and M' Gruel, among the crowd of mourners. She was morally certain that these gentlemen were not in the number of the invited; but she deferred her comments on this singular circumstance to a more convenient opportunity.

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The reader perhaps may have already guessed the motives of the two above-named gentlemen, in endeavouring to ascertain the exact spot of interment. The difference of opinion, which had arisen between them at the house of John Bicker, had continued on their way home; and like all other disputes, had ended in confirming each party in his own particular opinion. As they had been disappointed in their application for leave to make a regular dissection, they were determined that the dry Dominie of Kilwoody should again visit the upper air. In London, workmen might have been easily found to effectuate this premature resurrection; but in Scotland, we believe the offer of future independence could not have bribed the poores peasant to the sacrilegious operation. The two men of science therefore were resolved, in the "witching time of night," to take the labour upon themselves; and accordingly, being provided witht pick-axe, shovel, and some other implements, they about an how after midnight set out with cautious and noiseless footsteps through the village, to violate the spot where so many generations of the natives of Kilwoody had hitherto rested in peace.

[To be Continued,]

and ad fold Newspaper Obituaries.

its built, for departed.

esigonion. Mr. Solomon

WHAT a consoling thing it must be, to have the good opinion of the world after we are dead! Tis true, we are then alike insensible to praise or censure; but let it not be forgotten, that a love of

posthumous fame has been entertained by the worthies of all ages. Heroes, philosophers, and patriots, have devoted their lives to obtain the admiration of posterity; and if the value of an object may be measured by the difficulty of its attainment, "to live. in after-ages, remembered and unsullied," must be regarded as an inestimable desideratum. That the errors of greatness have not been always shrouded by the earth that covers its remains, and that, with all our charity, we have not invariably adhered to the Latin maxim, " De mortuis nil nisi bonum," (speak no ill of the dead), is evident enough: Shakespeare tells us, that "the evil, which men do, lives after them; the good is oft' interred with their bones;" and it must be acknowledged, that the good report of men towards those who no longer sojourn among them, has heretofore been as difficult of attainment, as an unsullied reputation when they were living. But the fashion of those times is passing away. That after-fame, which a whole life, devoted to its acquirement, would, in days past, have scarcely secured, may now be obtained without the superfluous condition of deserving it; and ot only are our real merits blazoned forth after our decease, but we gain credit for virtues and qualities, which we were never susected of possessing. Surely the world has become more virtuous. r none but good folks leave it ; or, if these conjectures are wrong. may at least assert, that we are grown more liberal, and more filling to do justice to the memory of departed genius.

thave been led into this train of reflections by a frequent pensal of those microcosms of knowledge and intelligence,—the ewspapers. A day scarcely passes, but my grief is excited, and y sympathy aroused, by the loss of some valuable member of ociety,—some tender husband or loving wife; some good philantrophist, or transcendant genius,—who has fled to brighter worlds, and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us to mourn that so perfect a being ever shone amongst and left us

"Died, on the fifth inst. after a lingering illness, which he bore ith exemplary fortitude, and Christian resignation, Mr. Solomon aughter, butcher and burgess of this town. To suavity of dissition and tenderness of heart, he united an urbanity of manners hich endeared him to all his acquaintance. He was a distinguish-

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ed ornament of the profession of which he was a member; and died deeply regretted by all who knew him. The following epitaph has been inscribed on the monument erected to his memory by his disconsolate widow:

"Stay, traveller, stay; and drop the pensive tear:
A man of solid worth lies buried here.
His like, alas! we ne'er shall see again,—
The first of butchers, and the best of men!"

Mournful, indeed, is the reflection, that so much goodness should leave the world, when we can so ill spare it; that the ingenious, the virtuous, and the wise, should be hurrying to the tomb, and that the only dwellers on the earth, are those who are not worthy of existence! The following affecting eulogy, appeared very recently in a daily newspaper.

[Advertisement.]—It is our painful duty to record the decease of that justly esteemed and celebrated character, Peter Project, Esq. late M. P. for Air-shire. To a mind, naturally strong and vigorous, he united the accomplishments of the scholar and the gentleman; and for the faithful discharge of the religious, the moral, and the social duties, he was no less conspicuous. An affectionate husband, a tender father, aand a faithful friend, he has left an hiatus in society, which can never be supplied. A life of such extensive usefulness as Mr. Project's deserves to be recorded; and we are indebted to a confidential friend for the following brie! but faithful sketch. Peter Project, Esq. was lineally descended by the father's side, from the celebrated Projects of Threadneedle Street, who acquired such celebrity in the South Sea Bubble. He inherited from his ancestors that speculative turn of mind, which has for its object the union of personal interest with the good of our fellow-creatures; and it is recorded that at a very early period of his life, he was busily engaged in accomplishing the apparently impossible scheme of manufacturing deal boards from sawdust. This, with the search after the philosopher's stone, an attempt to restore animation after death, and the exploded project of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, were favorite pursuits, and which, from the papers he has left, he would no doubt have accomplished, had his life been spared; but he bas, however, enriched posterity with valuable discoveries, sufficient to endear his memory to every lover of science. His plan for reducing the national debt has only the trifling objection of impracticability, to

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prevent its instant adoption, and to rank it with the highest efforts of human ingenuity. The service he rendered his country by the judicious hints he furnished the minister for the extension of parliamentary influence, obtained him the representation of a borough; but we regret to say, that like most great men who have had the public good at heart, the property he left was inconsiderable; yet this fact alone has built an imperishable monument to his memory, which time can never "destroy."

The word "advertisement" prefixed to the above panegyric, I attributed to the liberality of the editor, who was anxious to convey his wish that this honorable testimony to merit and virtue should be widely extended. A friend, to whom I imparted this conjecture, laughed in my face, and interpreted it to mean, that five guineas had been paid for its insertion. But as knew him to be opposed to Project's political principles, I very justly considered his explanation as illiberal.

Yet however strongly our sympathy may be excited by such affecting eulogies as the preceding, they must yield in elegance and pathos to those which record the decease of literary characters. They are described as shining lights to the world, who illumined with the irradiations of their genius, the path which they were destined by Providence to tread. Their loss is declared irreparable, and their memory enshrined and handed down to fame, with the names of Shakespeare, Milton, and the brightest ornaments mour literary history. You are amazed at finding such brilliant talents attributed to men, of whose existence even you were utterly ignorant; or if by chance their names had reached your ears, you reproach yourself for not having had sufficient curiosity to peruse their works. In another column of the paper you find a poetical tribute to the memory of the illustrious deceased. Perhaps it bears the form of an epitaph, wherein the passenger is entreated to stop, and strike his bosom, and lament with tears the loss of so much excellence; or an elegy, wherein the tuneful Nine are clothed in sackcloth and ashes, the harp of the deceased described as unstrung, and the cypress or the willow, drooping in sympathizing sorrow, for the loss of the owner. The shady grove no longer resounds with his strains; the little birds are mute, and warble no more; and all nature puts itself into mourning. There is one consolation however amidst all this grief. The subject of it is gone to heaven. It was impossible that so much goodness should be

unrewarded; and you are invited to console yourself by the reflection, that a being so perfect while on earth, must be in a place more congenial to its nature; and though you were at first urged to mourn and weep, you are encouraged to replace your handkerchief in your pocket, with the firm resolution of emulating so bright an example.

Thus, whatever rank of life the individual has filled, whatever his profession or pursuits; whether he was an intellectual genius, or a plodding mechanic, whether he graced the bar, the pulpit, or the stage; whether, as a poet, he gained his laurels by the power of his imagination; or as a soldier, by cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures,—he was every thing that was praiseworthy and excellent;—his moral character was unimpeached;—he was the best of husbands, the most indulgent of parents, the truest of friends; and if it were not for the hope that some good creatures yet remain in the world, you would scarcely think it worth while to live in it.

Such are Newspaper Obituaries; and yet I cannot say as Queen Katherine did of Griffiths,

After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler."

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FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA.

On! come to me, whether in sorrow or joy,
And then I will fly from the many;
To you give the hours that with them I destroy,
For you are the dearest of any.

And the night on my lip shall but soften or cease, sale while fondly I kiss it from yours, love, which was and the

ander If gay be your heart, I will share in its light, behaswarms nom so Like a stream in the sun's rising spendour, and a test work And the thrill of my heart and my harp shall unite 1802000 Bvery tone that is brilliant and tender.

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Eminent Authors.

BY TOBIAS OLDSCHOOL, GENTLEMAN.

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POPE.

THERE has been much idle controversy on the character and genius of Pope. While some sapient critics have denied him any merit, save that of being a clever rhyme-maker; others, not less confident in the justice of their opinions, have deified him, and declared his superiority over all other poets. Lord Byron, in the fervour of his admiration, tells us, that were all the treasures of literature about to be destoyed, and were power given to him to snatch but one single author from the impending ruin, he would. without hesitation, choose Pope. " Pfaith-this is excellent fooling." Did his Lordship ne ver hear of Shakespeare or Milton? Bowles and his coadjutors, on the contrary, would prefer to Pope, the veriest sonneteer that ever bepraised the moon or a lady's lap dog. These gentlemen are evidently in extremes, and we must seek for truth midway between their opposing opinions. That man's reasoning faculties must be miserably defective, who can seriously deny to Pope the praise of a great poet; and he must be strangely prejudiced in favour of a particular style in composition, who could calmly suffer Hamlet and Othelio to sink into oblivion, for the sake of the Dunciad or the Rape of the Lock. For those who deny

the mighty powers of Pope, we have a triumphant answer in his works. Had heno claims on posterity, but as the writer of the Essay on Man, they would be decisive and irresistible. The philosophy and morality of that noble work is embodied in poetry, as sublime. ly harmonious and powerful as any the language can boast-every couplet is perfect—there are no weak lines—the parts are beautiful—the whole is faultless. "Oh, but," exclaim the detractors of Pope, "he has no imagination, no feeling, no sympathy with nature, his poetry is artificial, he does not write to the affectionshe may enlist the judgment, but over the heart he has no empire." Had the author of the Epistle of Eloisa no feeling? Had the writer of the Rape of the Lock no imagination? Had the poet, who breathed his love of the "dear green earth" in that delightful pastoral "Windsor Forest," no sympathy with nature? Then ima. gination, and feeling, and nature, are terms of which we cannot guess the meaning, or they do not exist in the works of any author, if Pope is destitute of them. True it is, that his subjects for the most part led him into different walks. Pathos would have been wretchedly misplaced in the Dunciad: descriptions of natural objects would have been extravagant in the Essay on Criticism; imagination would have displayed his rainbow plumes to but little purpose in the Essay on Man: yet when the theme of his muse required fancy or feeling, or sympathy with nature, what asinine dissector of books will assert that they were wanting? Pope, however, is safe without a defence! The silly squabbles of his friends and foes can neither increase nor diminish his reputation. Proudly secure on his pedestal of glory, he looks down on the puny battles of criticism, and regards his prejudiced enemies and his over-zealous admirers with equal indifference. That, in the mere mechanical branch of his art, Pope distanced all his competitors, that wonderful effort of genius and industry, the translation of Homer, abundantly proves: and if his original productions do not entitle him to take the first place among the heirs of literary immortality, which of the illustrious dead can justly be ranked above him ?-what living author would not be honoured by a seat at his footstool? Of the great spirits, that illustrate the present age, comparatively little will be known to our children, The fame of Byron probably will depend on his Childe Harold. The name of Moore will be perpetuated by his Melodies-of Southey's voluminous works nothing will remain but Don Roderic,

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and Scott's forty octavos will perhaps shrink into a few modest duodecimos: but which of Pope's compositions will posterity be content to lose? Time, that unsparing destroyer of dull books, has only consecrated them by his touch; and what was admired by the reading public of Queen Anne's reign, will, it may be safely asserted, give the same pleasure to the literati of George the Fourth. Need we speak of the faults of Pope—(of course, he is open to criticism)—we might remark, that the perpetual recurrence of the same cadence in his poetry displeases the judgment, while it fatigues the ear;—we might say, that he too often forgot the impartial severity of the satirist in the irritation and malice of the man. But what work is free from error? and when was poor human nature without faults? We can only lament that he, who did so much well, should have done any thing amiss.

ADDISON.

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SEARCELY any of our British classics have been so generally admired as Addison. The purity of his style, the harmony of his sentences, the beauty and originality of his ideas, the unaffected force of his pathos, and the elegant playfulness of his humour, have been and continue to be perpetual themes of eulogium. That there is much justice in this we do not deny, but is there not some cant? Are not the critics, who enlarge so fluently on the merits of Addison, swayed in a measure by his prescriptive claims on our applause by his high character as an essayist, and by the opinions of those, whose decisions in matters of taste are referred to as final? The prose compositions of Addison, we are assured, have never been equalled—they are the highest examples of excellence in the English language, and the author who aims at perfection must make them his standard. Now, we take it for granted, that the finest specimens of Addison's prose style, are to found in the Spectator; and perhaps nothing of his in that work equals the Essays on the Pleasures of Imagination, Well, then, we admit their beauty in the fullest extent; we own that they are most admirable; indeed, they have left too vivid an impression on our minds ever to be forgotten, but we cannot allow that they are faultless. There are many portions of the Rambler, which triumph in a comparison with these, the most brilliant efforts of Addison's genius; and Goldsmith, in his Citizen of the World, has approached still nearer to perfec-

tion. Addison, particularly in the Spectator, frequently falls into a poverty of expression, which, were his essays now perused for the first time, would not be tolerated for a moment. Occasionally, no doubt, he has passages of overpowering splendour, but these are mixed up with much careless, much coarse, and much incorrect writing; you feel, while perusing his compositions, that he heartily despised his readers, and though he might sometimes labour a page or two for posterity, their general texture is negligent and unfinished. It is the fashion to admire the Spectator; children are desired to model their morals and their manners by its precepts; and the Tyro in literature is counselled to emulate its perfections. What does the Spectator consist of? A bundle of unconnected papers, for the most part relating to ephemeral modes and feelings, in which we of the nineteenth century can have no possible interest; remarks on players, who flourished more than a hundred years since; censures of fashions, of which we have little or no idea; rebukes of enormities, of which fortunately we have no conception; and biographical notices of men, in whose actions we have no sympathy; humorous sketches of character, moral essays, and critical dissertations are interspersed; and these (the only valuble part of the Spectator) would scarcely form one thin volume. Of course, the Spectator, when first circulated in numbers, had a claim to approbation extrinsic of its literary excellence; for it conduced, perhaps more than any other work, to embue the English nation with a taste for literature and the fine arts; but the merit of originating and conducting it was entirely Steele's.

Of Addison's other works, Cato is the best known. It is certainly a fine poem; but as a drama, unless when supported by the powers of a Kemble, it has little or no interest. The character of Cato is truly Roman throughout; and the sentiments he is made to utter are in excellent keeping: he is indeed what our imaginations have conceived him, the very God of Liberty Juba and Syphax are passable enough; but the ladies, and the love-scenes in which they figure, placed in juxtaposition with the other events and persons of the play, are absolutely absurd

Nobody reads "Blenheim;" indeed it has only one passage (the angel simile) to redeem it from utter contempt. The Letter to Lord Halifax is a very elegant and beautiful production; but of Addison's other poems, (always excepting his exquisite odes in the Spectator,) the less that is said the better. His Latin compositions

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are exceedingly dull : they may be "coldly correct, and elegantly slow," and they are immortal because Addison wrote them, but they have no other recommendation. The fame of Addison, however, is too widely diffused, and too well founded, to suffer from any animadversion on his minor compositions. The mingling acclamation of ages have declared himentitled to a distinguished rank among the great spirits of his country, and the folly and cupidity of that man would be glaring, who should venture to call in question the literary excellence of him, for whose sake the Spectator is immortal. - the author of Cato.

Mandane.

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Oh! blame me not; oh! doubt me not; ention I am not cold to thee; will some and any or the some state of Tho' former grief is not forgot, Thy heart is safe with me.

Oh! chide me not, if on my tongue No tender accents dwell; The harp of peace is yet unstrung-But thou may'st break the spell.

Be still my own; be what thou art; An hour will soon appear, When thou shalt find this absent heart Will love as thine sincere. Play, are absulption absule.

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A Foyage to Gravesend, bedantes be

BY CALEB COCKNEY, ESQ.

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I REMEMBER, when I was a very little boy, how much I was delighted with descriptions of foreign parts. I listened with rapture to my father (who was a very sensible man) while he read to me the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, Gulliver's travels, or Robinson Crusoe; and highly was I pleased when I grew old enough to peruse them myself. What a great man should I be (thought I) among the Lilliputians! What treasure would I gather, should I ever be so fortunate as to encounter Sindbad's Valley of diamonds; and how snug and comfortable I would be, if like Robinson Crusoe, it should be my good luck to be cast away on an uninhabited Island! What a nice little house I would build with my own hands; how! would plant and dig, and sow and reap; and how calmly I would smoke my pipe in the evening, as happy as a prince, and with nebody to please but myself. These visions of a young and vigo. rous fancy were, however, never realized. My father, who delighted as much as I did in reading these wonderful adventures, clapped an extinguisher on my hopes, when I talked of achieving them myself. "He did not deny," he said, " that such things were very probable; and that if I was so fortunate as to reach the valley of diamonds, it would be the making of us all. But then, added he, there's many a slip between the cup and the lip; and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. So that, after all, Caleb, I think you had better stay at home. I have stuck behind my counter, man and boy, for forty years; and though my gains are slow, they have been sure. A rolling stone gathers no moss. 'Tis true that I am not quite so rich as my lord mayor; but I don't despair of being worth a plum yet, before I die."-To such arguments as these there was no replying; he was an indulgent parent, and it would have been the height of ingratitude to have wounded his feelings by an act of disobedience.

Time rolled on; I was instructed in my father's profession, and in due time taken into partnership. The old gentleman at length

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dropped into the grave, full of years and honour, and left me sole heir to all his possessions. During the latter part of his life, we had extended our business into the wholesale line. This brought us into frequent collision with sea captains, and those who had visited foreign parts; and it was a mutual gratification, both to my father and myself, to entertain these interesting persons at our table, and devour with greedy ears the wonders they related. Some of them far exceeded all we had ever read in Gulliver or Sindbad, and you may be sure we were amply repaid for our hospitality. Books might now and then be wrong; but who could doubt what a man had seen with his own eyes? The conversation of these intelligent. men served to keep alive that curiosity respecting outlandish wonders, which had taken such strong hold on my mind when I was a boy. I often thought what a pleasant thing it would be now I was in a manner independent, and master of my own time and money, to take a trip into strange countries, and reap a store of useful knowledge. But I was always deterred by the danger. I was now six-and-thirty years of age, and I had never set my foot on ship-board. Nay, I had only once in my life-time been in a boat; and then the weather was so rough, and the waves ran so high, that instead of going on to Richmond as our party intended. we stopped short, and put ashore on the London side of Chelsea. Reach. To be sure I had once ventured in the Paddington Canal best; but there was a vast deal of odds between being comfortably. towed along by horses, with land only a yard or two distant from you on each side, and being driven about at the mercy of the wind and the waves on the wide ocean, with nothing but sky above, and water beneath. Thus my fear got the better of my inclination ; and I managed to resist all the temptations of my nautical friends on the one side, and my own wishes on the other, merely by the cool and calm reflection, how foolish it would be for me to leave my comfartable home, and run the risk of being drowned.

One day, however, business or chance, (I forget which), called me to Thames Street; and here a card was put into my hand, inviting me to a Gravesend voyage on board of a steam-boat. This circumstance revived all my dormant propensity for adventure. To be sure, a steam boat was not like those large ships with masts and sails, which I had peeped at through the ballustrades of London Bridge, or those great vessels I remember having seen one day when I ventured so far as the London Docks; but then it was

twenty times bigger than a wherry, and a good bit larger than a coal barge; and though Gravesend was not quite so far as the West Indies or America, yet it was a terrible long voyage for one who could scarcely be said to have ever quitted terra firma.

It was a long while, however, before I made up my mind as to whether I should go, or stay at home. I had read a great deal in the papers about steam-boats having exploded; and thinks I, if that's the case, it would be a good thing if they were exploded altogether. I thought it a bad chance to run the risk of being drowned; but to be blown up in the air, and have the clothes scalded off one's back, was a hundred times worse, for I might be parboiled as well as drowned; and one bad thing's enough at a time. So I had some talk about it with the captain; and he assured me on his word and honour as a gentleman, that the bursting of the steam was all a bottle of smoke. He entered into a long story about highpressure engines and low-pressure engines; one of them, he said, was apt to burst, but his vessel was worked by the safe plan; so that there could be no danger: then he talked a great deal about safety valves; and finished his harangue by putting into my hands the report of the committee of the House of Commons appointed to examine into the subject; so that it was as clear as English could make it, that if I went on board the Swiftsure, no accident could possibly happen to me.

With these comforting assurances, I resolved to undertake the voyage; and taking a solemn farewell of my friends, I set sail—I was going to say,—but the vessel had no sails: I mean then I set off; and in a short time, "spite of adverse winds and waves," as the song has it, we were soon out of sight of Tower Wharf.

The progress of the vessel was so rapid, and the sudden sensation I experienced at finding myself for the first time in my life on ship-board so extraordinary, that it was a good while before I sufficiently recovered, to be able to make any observations on my own situation or the objects around me. The first thing I was sensible of was a violent trembling under my feet, something similar to what I had read of, as preceding an earthquake; then there was such a sulphurcous smell, and excessive heat, that it was with great ado I could persuade myself a similar event was not about to happen to us. I was convinced of my error, however, by observing that my fellow-passengers did not appear in the least alarmed, and by the approach of the captain, who asked me why I did not come to what

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he called the starn, and then I should not be shook so. I got up to avail myself of his advice, but I could scarcely keep my legs, What with the trembling of my nerves, and the trembling of the vessel, it was no easy matter for me to walk steadily. The captain smiled at my agitation. " Come, Sir," said he, " let me shew you our steam-engine; you'll then see you have not the least reason to be alarmed." I followed him to that part of the deck where the long black chimney is stuck in the middle, and looking down the two iron gratings, was much surprised, and a little frightened at seeing the huge iron things as thick as my thigh, working up and down, like London Bridge water-works, in a socket of grease.-But I took courage, and descended the ladder. Mercy on us! how I was terrified! There was a great furnace, and a pack of black looking fellows, heaping on coals, while the noise of the boiler was more dreadful than the roaring of the lions in Exeter 'Change. I begged to be excused from seeing any more; and hurried up stairs, heartily repenting my rash resolution of trusting myself in such a perilous situation.

I was a little consoled, however, at finding, that when I came to what he called the starn of the vessel, the agitation, which had at first so much alarmed me, was scarcely perceptible; and the day being remarkable fine, and our progress calm and uninterrupted, I soon got rid of my fears. I began to look about me, and stare with eyes of wonder and admiration, at the large ships, which, like a forest of trees, were crowded so close together; all nantes in gurgite vasto,-all swimming together in one large pool, as Virgil, I think, hasit; for you must know I am a bit of a scholar. Well; I was greatly delighted with my voyage so far: and a communicative, good-natured old gentleman, who sat next me, was kind enough to explain all the objects that met my astonished gaze. "That there place we are now coming to," said he, " is Deptford Dock Yard, where they builds all the ships; that is, -not all the ships, but a good part on'em : and this here ship lying here with these curious iron chains that they calls cables, is the Wenns; and that other there is the Neptin : and that large building we passed some time ago, that's such a many stories high, is a granary; and it's unknown the sight of corn it will hold : enough to keep all the three kingdoms in bread for a twelvemonth. But bless us! look there. As I'm alive, if there is'nt a real porpus!"-" A porpus!" I exclaimed; "then I hope we shan't have a storm!" for I had gained this

knowledge by my extensive reading; but the words were hardly out of my mouth, before, lo! and behold! the largest and blackest cloud I had ever seen in my life came right over the vessel. I was frightened enough, as you may suppose, at the sight of the porpus; for it was the ugliest animal I had ever seen; but the cloud was a more terrible thing to me. I recollected that part of Sindbad's voyages, where a bird called a roc, as big as a castle, hovers over his ship, because the mariners had broken one of it's eggs. Well, thinks I; if this should be one of these said rocs, it's all up with ns. Just then I espied what I took to be the dome of St. Paul's; and was beginning to congratulate myself on the discovery, thinking we had doubled, as they call it, and were returning home (though it certainly appeared very odd)-just, I say, as I was ready to jump for joy, at discovering the welcome landmark,-I perceived another dome. I rubbed my eyes, and began to think, that instead of the vessel doubling, I was seeing double: but all my hopes were blighted by the old gentleman's observing, that that there was Greenidge, and them domes and that large building was Greenidge Hospital. Just then there came such a peal of thunder, as almost terrified me out of my wits. A torrent of rain instantly followed, and the wind (as Robinson Crusoe says) blew a hurricane. The waves too rolled mountains high; at least so they seemed to me; and I began to think that nothing could save us from being shipwrecked. So (thinks I to myself) this comes of taking a voyage, Oh! that I were snug and safe in my own counting-house in Philpot Lane; never would I be so rash as to go ploughing the deep again! I was so scared I knew not what I did, and I suffered the old gentleman to lead me down into the cabin, without saying a word.

When I came to myself, (for I was almost stonned with terror,) the old gentleman pointed out a sight to me, through the windows, that made my blood run cold. This was a number of men, hanging in chains on gibbets, like so many scarecrows. I thought it a very ominous circumstance. Well, thought I,—I may not be hanged, to be sure; but I run a good chance of being drowned; and I don't know whether I would not prefer the first, for it would not be so close at hand. At that moment I heard a violent crash; and the vessel twisted about at a dreadful rate. I found that now there was danger indeed; for all the passengers began to look alarmed, whereas, before, they seemed as calm, as if all this violent storm was only a farce. If I felt so queer then, you may be sure that my con-

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sternation was ten times greater now; for I very justly concluded, that if these people, who seemed to be all well seasoned to the elemeut, were frightened, there must be danger in good earnest. The captain came down and begged them to be composed. There was not the least occasion (he said) for alarm. It was only one of the paddles broke. "Only one of the paddles!" repeated one of the passengers. " And how do you expect to reach Gravesend without it ?"-" Easy enough," returned the other; "leave that to me;" and he remounted the deck. I was in a state of the utmost trepidation; and turned with looks of eager anxiety to the gentleman who had addressed the captain. And pray, Sir, (said I) do you really think that there's danger ?- "I can't say but what I think there is," he replied; "and I only wish I was safe out of it. For my part, I hate these jiggameree, gingerbread things; there's always some accident or other with 'em. Why it's no longer ago, than last week, that the Safety steam-boat (as they call it) run foul of a vessel, and was like to upset all the passengers; and if this one was to lose the t'other paddle (and nothing's more likely) I wouldn't give a dump for our chance." At this consoling piece of intelligence, I fairly groaned with anguish; and then I felt in its full force all the meaning of that expressive line of Dibdin's :

"When in danger there's no door to run out."

Ah! thought I; what are the perils of the land, compared with those of the sea? If my house were on fire, I could escape by the trap door; or somebody might catch me if I jumped out of the window. If it were attacked by thieves, I might fire at them with my blunderbuss, or ring the alarm bell, or spring the rattle. But here there's no escape. If the vessel leaks, or founders on a rock, or runs upon a shoal, down we must go; and I can no more swim than a sack of sand. Fool that I was, not to provide myself with a cork jacket; then, although I might perhaps be devoured by the fishes, I should run the chance of being picked up, or of floating to the shore.

In the bitterness of my feelings, I groaned so audibly as to arouse the attention of my fellow-sufferers. Terror had deprived me of utterance, and they concluded that I was taken suddenly ill. The captain was summoned; and on the circumstance being made known to him, he administered such copious draughts of hot brandy and water, which he compelled me to swallow, that my brain soon became intoxicated, and I fell fast asleep. How long I remained in

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this state I am unable to say, but I was awakened by a violent shaking of the shoulder, and a loud cry of "boat, your honour," which burst upon my ears like a clap of thunder. I found on enquiry, that we had arrived at the end of our voyage; and I accepted the invitation of the boatman, by giving him my portmanteau. I jumped into his boat, and in a few minutes I was rowed ashore. Glad enough was I, when I once more set foot on dry land. I made the best of my way to the first tavern I could find; and consoled myself by the good things it afforded, for the dangers I had passed. I remained at Gravesend that night; and mounted the stage coach for London on the following morning; for no persuasions could tempt me to venture myself again on board a steam-boat. I arrived safe at Philpot Lane; all the wiser for the experience I had so dearly purchased; and such has been my antipathy ever since to the liquid element, that I look at water with much the same sensations as a man who has been bitten by a mad dog. I make it a point never to venture even into a wherry; and I cannot cross Waterloo Bridge without a shudder. ands, and, conting fire to the pile, storm government silent

the gates of the town; upon which a deposit THE CHIZE GS WAS bettimbe - Messes. Foggo's Picture : and al of base

round it, (il the whole was consumed, During it is melancholy

The Representation of the People of Purga burning their Dead, bus prior to their voluntarily Exile in June, 1819. Wow you olie with across

пошет и приод PARGA is situated upon the coast of Epirus, at the foot of the Albanian Mountains, and contained a population of about 5000 souls. After experiencing from time to time those vicissitudes of fortune to which small states are eminently liable, the inhabitants, in 1814, almost unanimously resolved to put themselves under the protection of Great Britain, and share the fate of the Seven Islands; upon which Sir Charles Gordon landed with his detachment, and took full and solemn possession of the place. But after the return of Buonaparte, the Congress of Vienna resolved to give up the Venetian towns on the coast unconditionally, and in full sovereignty to the Turks ; and, by that arrangement, the independence of Parga was totally extinguished hi erotial tade, to sever in section of a week of

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When it was known at Parga that they were to be delivered up to their ancient enemy, after having been more than two years under the protection of the British government, the most dreadful apprehensions were entertained; and they resolved to abandon their country, after disinterring and consuming the bones of their forefathers, rather than stay in it with dishonour. A proclamation was published in the name of the government, in which our commander pledged himself that the place should not be given up till their property should be paid for, and they themselves transported to the Ionian Islands; and in June, 1819, General Maitland intimated to the citizens that he was ready to provide for their transportation.

As soon as this notice was given, every family marched solemnly out of his dwelling; and the men, preceded by their priests, and followed by their sons, proceeded to the sepulchres of their fathers and silently unearthed and collected their remains, -which they placed upon a huge pile of wood which they had previously erected before one of their churches. They then took their arms in their hands, and, setting fire to the pile, stood motionless and silent around it, till the whole was consumed. During this melancholy ceremony, some of Ali's troops, impatient for possession, approached the gates of the town; upon which a deputation of the citizens was sent to inform our Governor, that if a single infidel was admitted before the remains of their ancestors were secured from profanation, and they themselves, with their families, fairly embarked, they would all instantly put to death their wives and children, -and die with arms in their hands, -and not without a bloody revenge on those who had bought and sold their country. Such a remonstrance, at such a moment, was felt and respected as it ought by those to whom it was addressed. General Adam succeeded in stopping the march of the Mussulmans. The pile burnt out-and the people embarked in silence; and free and Christian Parga is now a strong hold of ruffians, renegadoes, and slaves.

Such is the ground-work of this picture, which is painted by Messrs. James and George Foggo, who are natives of Scotland, and not of Italy, as their name might lead one to conclude: its dimensions are of the largest order, and a great number of agents are necessarily introduced. With what success these gentleman have surmounted the difficulties they have voluntarily encountered, it remains for us to shew; premising, however, that failure in a lofty undertaking

displays more genius than success in one that is mean; but we do not intend it to be understood that these gentlemen have failed.

About the centre of the picture, the Priests of Parga, dressed in their robes, stand upon a stone elevation. The Proto-Papa, having gone through the funeral rites, is represented in the act of invoking the protection of Almighty God on the unfortunate survivors. Over his aged countenance a pious meekness sheds a lambent and holy lustre, admirably characteristic of the pastor of a flock belonging to the great shepherd, who requires of the objects of his tender regard, resignation to the divine will under the severest dispensations-But we think had both hands been elevated to heaven, that singleness of feeling and fervour of devotion essential to the character and the rite would have been more decidedly displayed. Below this group lies the body of a maiden decked with flowers, the tension of whose muscles leads us to suppose that she had not been inhumed but was brought from home, (having but recently yielded up her angelic spirit,) to decorate the funeral pyre, and save her fair remains from dishonor. She was beautiful, and is still almost an object of desire, although the sombre tint of Lethe's weeds have triumphed over those of the lily and the rose. Her aged mother, imploring the assistance of a priest, is by no means so fortunately depicted. She is placed in a fore-shortened position, which is but indifferently managed, and her countenance, though it has considerable merit, is not Grecian or sufficiently intellectual to point her out as the venerable and noble stock from which sprung this beautiful plant. We now come to a group which is near, and immediately on the foreground, consisting of the body of a young warrior, his son, his wife, and his disconsolate father. The body of the warrior is placed in a duplicate fore-shortened position; the right leg being pointed towards the spectator, and the trunk and head inclined over it. This is a bold attempt, but not a successful one. The fore-shortening of the rectus abdominus, or belly, is badly managed, as is also that of the right arm and the vastus externus, vastus internus, and femur. Those muscles of the thigh, which unite in a fleshy substance over the patella, and afterwards are inserted in the tibia or principal bone of the leg, are pursed up into a tumor upon the knee, making an obvious deformity, a sort of white swelling. This warrior, we are told in the description, was once his country's hope; we therefore expected to find even in death a shadow of that intellectual and physical superiority which was so apparent in life; but we in vain

shifted our position for the point of sight which would develope some faint traces of that spirit, which conceived its country's greatness—that courage, which dared its country's enemies, and that hand, which executed its country's vengeance. Candour, however, compels us to acknowledge, that where these gentlemen have failed few have succeeded.

It is with pleasure we contemplate some of the other figures in this groupe. His wife, overwelmed with grief, lies prostrate upon the ground, with her face concealed, rending the air with sobs and groans. The muscles, though fine, are too masculine, and the foot is too small. Mr. Ackermann may pare away the fair proportions of this member in his figures of fashion or fun, and fancy it beauty: Messrs. Foggo are artists, and cannot be allowed this licence; but the figure on the whole is vigorously drawn. In the countenance of the father is a stern nobility, a silent manliness of grief, an anguish too big to pass through the ordinary portals of sorrow,—which is truly epic; nor must the attendant, who is assisting the disinterment, pass without warm commendation. The effect of the groupe would, however, have been greater, had it been more relieved from the figures behind it.

More to the right, some persons have opened a tomb : one of the most prominent is a lad, who is engaged in removing a gravestone with both arms—we know there is nothing preternatural in this; but, for the credit of the artists, we could almost have wished he had but one, and perhaps he has not, at least it appears equivocal to us whether the appendage to the shoulder is an arm or the shapeless branch of a tree. We would suggest that it should be repainted. The acquaintance manifested with the science of Myology in other parts, shews how easy it would be to remove this defect, and supply its place with a member more natural. The funeral pile would have been more correct and picturesque, if the length of the logs that compose it had not been so mathematically uniform; and the disposition of the figures that are arranging the disinterred bodies upon it, as well as the drapery, bring to mind the manner in which Rubens disposes his agents in his chef d'ouvre of the Descent from the Cross. A blind old sage, and a beautiful youth in the fore-ground towards the left, near the group of priests, Justly chaltenge commendation. From an oversight, no notice is taken of them in the printed description, but we learnt that a venerable Pargiote had predicted, that if ever his countrymen relied

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upon the prevaricating policy of England, calamity would be the reward of their credulity; he is therefore introduced, either for the purpose of drawing their attention to the verification of his prediction, or as an agent, whose appearance could not with propriety be dispensed with. A little more to the left, and closer to the specta. tor, a family, consisting of a wife and children, seems unconscious of the surrounding horror, so absorbed are they in private grief, Near to them is the body of their natural protector, dead in the prime of life. The husband has been disinterred, and attendants are preparing the body for the pile. The figure is well designed, pos. sesses much anatomical detail, and the markings of the muscles are elaborately finished, displaying a high degree of delicacy and force; the countenance of the wife is sensitive, intellectual, and handsome, and there is a matronly dignity about her person. The attitude of the elder daughter is also well conceived; she is represented as concealing her face in her mother's lap: this is a natural effect of grief; but it has a charm beyond this. Being surrounded by objects whose persons in the confusion are unavoidably exposed, the concealment of her face finely expresses a sentiment of delicacy inimitably characteristic of her sex and age. The beautiful flow of line in the contour of this figure should not be unnoticed. Behind these is a group, composed of a Turkish agent or Asiatic procurer, who is endeavouring with the sight of gold to tempt an old man to connive at the seduction of his daughter. Had the wretch but looked in his face, he would have slunk away in despair: to us the maiden does not appear sufficiently beautiful to excite the solicitude of this purveyor of the Harem. Near this groupe is an old man, whose dying looks and quivering lips indicate that his free born spirit is seasonably quitting his native land, nay, its mortal prison, for that land of perfect liberty "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" and on the left side of the picture, some Suliotes, (a neighbouring people) who have taken refuge in Parga, appear absorbed in thought, and silently awaiting the moment of a second emigration, These figures are too gigantic, and the principal one has too much the air of a chief of banditti. The back-ground is made up of a church, the mountains of Aja, a murky sky, and a multitude of figures, whose business it is impossible to divine, owing either to a bad light, or to a great indistinctness in the painting.

Thus have we given a hasty sketch of the principal groupes

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that compose this picture; we shall now make a few general remarks. Looking at it as a whole, what impression does it make upon the spectator? Are we lost in admiration, forgetting the critic's. function as we were when we beheld La Thierre's Judgment of Brutus? No. Are we awed into silence, alarmed at the sound of our own feet, and the accents of our own tongue, as we were when we viewed Mr. West's Death upon the Pale Horse, or his Christ before Caiaphas the High Priest? No. Do we share the anguish of mind, and agony of body with the agents, as we did when we beheld Jericault's Wreck of the Medusa? No. Do the myriads of objects, the multiplicity of incidents, the vastness of the scene, and the sublimity of the whole, overwhelm us, as when we viewed Belshazzar's Feast or the Fall of Babylon, by Martin? No. Are we, by the force of sympathy, betrayed into a knitting of the brow, a grinding of the teeth, or a clenching of the hands, as we are when we behold those intense creations of mental and physical energy of Mr. Haydon, as exhibited in his Death of Dentatus, and his Macbeth after the Murder of Duncan? No.-We come then to this conclusion: that these gentlemen, as historical painters, must at present rank after the masters we have alluded to-but only for the present. The very daringness of the attempt exhibits the signet of genius, and the comparative success, which has attended them, has warranted the hazard of the enter-

The principal fault appears to us to be a want of repose. This, we submit, arises from two circumstances,—an absence of some master groupe, with some master spirit in the centre, to which all others should be secondary; and the other is peculiar to the French school, where these gentlemen have studied: or at least is not found in the same excess in the English. We mean a lack of breadth, which is caused by a cutting up, to use an artist's phrase, of lights and shadows, by markings too numerous and too defined: we are favorable to detail and finish, but they must not be allowed, by a sort of impertinent and undue consequence, to thrust themselves into notice, to the detriment of general effect; if they are, we shall dwell upon a particular muscle, feature, or limb, and perhaps admire the part, but never shall we feel the magical illusion of that judicious subordination of a thousand parts, producing one grand and simple whole.

Thus have we given a baste sketch of the principal gre p

We cannot take our leave of this picture, without felicitating the gentlemen upon the choice of their subject, which will not allow of the introduction of laborious and contemptible trifles, or puzzling allegorical fancies, or vain and bewildering embodyings of abstract conceits. It is a great historical event, which must interest the native of every country, who will change in imagination only, his situation with the noble but unfortunate Pargiote. Here a whole population by events over which they could have no control, and consequently subject to no blame, are reduced to the cruel necessity of making their election of one out of two almost insupportable evils. Either to submit to be the victims of their ancient vindictive and semi-barbarous enemies, or bid an eternal farewell to the fair fields where they have gamboled in youth, and reposed in age; to their dear homes where they have listened to the legends of their country,-to the graves of their fathers, and the altars of their God.

"Oh! there's a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside:
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth he found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around,
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

MONTGOMERY.

The election they have made we have shewn, and the circumstances and the emotions which were the natural result of their noble determination, are admirably suited to the excellencies and powers of the graphic art.

Have these favorable circumstances and emotions been embodied in a manner so masterly, as to reflect lustre upon the arts, and renown upon the painters? We do not affirm so much, but we have no hesitation in saying, that this production is sufficiently indicative of mental and manual power, which, if invigorated by severe reflection and unwearied practice, and cherished by the public, (for they have their part to do,) a monument of art may be turned out of their study, capable of both. ating not s, er gsof nteration Here e no the most their rnal and ed to and

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQR.

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